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## PASSIONS OF THE REIGN OF TERROR.

THE GODDESSES OF THE REVOLUTION.

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BY OLIVER S. LELAND.

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IN 1793, the old metropolitan church of Paris was no longer a cathedral consecrated to the worship of God. It was a Temple of Reason. All the superstitious emblems of the Catholic faith had disappeared, and in the nave had been erected a temple of a severe and simple style of architecture, on the front of which were inscribed the words: '*To Philosophy.*' In front of the door of this temple were placed the busts of the principal philosophers; garlands of oak-leaves decorated its pillars, and on a circular altar was burning the *Torch of Truth*. It was the celebration of a festival to Reason. Two rows of young girls, robed in white, ranged themselves about the temple, from whence issued the Goddess of Liberty. Then all who were present, men and women, animated by the purest republican sentiments, thundered forth hymns, and stretched out their arms toward the new divinity; and the beautiful goddess, casting upon them all a glance of kindness and protection, reëntered the temple, in the midst of universal acclamations, after having received from all her devotees the oath of eternal fidelity.

'Ah!' exclaimed Father Duchesne, transported with joy, 'what a glorious day! — what a magnificent spectacle, to see all these children of liberty rushing to this *ci-devant* cathedral, to purify the temple of its folly — to consecrate it to truth, to reason! These lofty arches, where naught has heretofore been heard save the croakings of the ravens of the church; where naught but psalms and litanies have heretofore been sung, have this day reëchoed with patriotic songs: in place of that altar where lying priests have persuaded fools that the God of heaven descended by their order, in mumbling over a few

Latin words, and passed, like a juggler's ball, into a little morsel of cake, in the place of that altar, or rather of those mountebanks' tables, we have erected the throne of Liberty, and we have placed thereon no lifeless statue, but a living image of this divinity, a master-piece of Nature. A charming woman, beautiful as the goddess she represents, is enthroned in that temple: the red cap upon her head, holding in her hand the spear, and surrounded by all those pretty lost ones of the opera, who in their turn have excommunicated the cardinals, chanting even better than the angels the inspiring songs of patriotism!

At the Convention the same ceremony was renewed. 'The goddess,' adds Father Duchesne, 'was placed near the President; that is, near her grand priest: when one is so near happiness he cannot refrain from giving some sign of life. The brave Laloï, in the name of all the French people, gave to the divinity the sweetest embrace, in sign of the respect and constant love the republicans would ever entertain for her.'

The Convention re-conducted Reason to her sanctuary.

This goddess was Mademoiselle Maillard, an actress of the opera, celebrated 'for her admirable head' and for 'her magnificent form.' She was one of the faithful, who, before the Revolution, frequented the *Temple of Love*, consecrated by the Prince de Soubise, at Pantin. Some however pretend that the character was filled by Sophie Momoro, grand-daughter of the engraver Fournier, and reputed wife of the deputy Momoro. However this may be, the blooming, graceful and dazzling Sophie was certainly selected by the club of the Jacobins and the Cordeliers to represent the goddess of Reason in the church of Saint-André-des-arses.

The ceremony, as celebrated by the Jacobins, surpassed that which had taken place in Notre-Dame, in the very temple of Reason. Sophie Momoro was more interesting than the Maillard. If the one had an athletic form, the other was more graceful, more Raphaelesque in the eyes of the devotees of liberty. Thus the effect produced by Sophie was immense. Imagine a costume, light, transparent, diaphanous, revealing all the secrets of her beauty. Thus she resembled the houris of the orient, and, borne aloft on a rich palanquin, she received the homage of two or three hundred young girls who, robed in white, and crowned with oak-leaves, with voluptuous glances, uncovered bosoms, and bold demeanor, were indeed the types of ravishing though immodest beauty. She sat majestically on her throne: she deigned to cast her eyes upon the assembled multitude, and see defile before her her delicious priestesses, fugitives from the Opera-Olympus, who had come to people the Olympus of the Clubs. She presided at the reconciliation of the Catholic priests and the Protestant ministers: she inhaled the smoke of the incense; and took to herself,

perhaps seriously, the republican's songs, sung in chorus and accompanied by the orchestra of the Academy of Music.

From the height of her majesty she inspired her assistants with the love of country. All bowed before her: that is to say, 'before virtue.' Then the goddess, resuming her character of woman, descended into the midst of the mortals to participate in their libations. A profane banquet followed the religious festival, which was prolonged far into the night. The communion was replaced by a splendid civic repast, during which the goddess was doubtless the object of unbounded adoration.

The third goddess in repute was Mademoiselle Aubry, danseuse of the opera; a divinity of an inferior order, but whose occupations were for this very reason increased. She was *Goddess* at the church: she was *Glory* at the theatre.

All these beautiful women, adorable caryatides, who sustained a part of the monument elevated by the *Mountain* party, forgot themselves in the midst of these public festivals. Favorites of the people, they continued in the revolution the manners of the regency. Their luxury, instead of being cursed by the masses, was paid for by them. These half-pagan goddesses had for device one word: *Pleasure*. They may be considered as the most efficacious agents of materialism, and the directors of these republican ceremonies had not unskillfully, nor without good reasons, sought their goddesses among the daughters of the opera, for was there not then a perfect correlation between the worship of liberty and the ideas of liberty which were there prevalent? At the moment when the revolutionary tribunal was sending its victims by the hundreds to the scaffold, was it not consistent to deify license a little? And if, as has been said, Théroigne de Méricourt was the Billaud-Varennes of women, La Maillard, Sophie Momoro, and Mademoiselle Aubry were the Chaumettes, the Anacharsis Clootz, and the Laréveillère-Lépaux.

These heroines counted the days by the fêtes. In the few *salons* still open at Paris they were eagerly received. La Maillard had her numerous private adorers; Sophie Momoro did the honors of the patriotic reunions; and Mademoiselle Aubry could judge for herself if the French were in general the lovers of *Glory*.

But alas! though they were goddesses, they were not immortal. Their existence was a short though brilliant dream — that was all. Robespierre the first raised his hand against the experiments of materialized religions. The festival to the SUPREME BEING caused the worship of Reason to 'pale its ineffectual fires.' The goddesses of Reason in their short and princely career, had seen enough of grandeur to regret it, and had been sufficiently prominent in the Revolution to become its martyrs. Logical destiny! The shade after the sun!

The night after the day! Sorrow after joy! How then have these goddesses finished their career? Let us see.

Mademoiselle Maillard returned to the theatre, and sang for many years after upon the stage of the opera. The people thronged to hear her, as much to see the former goddess as the present vocalist. She reigned over a pit enamored of her talent, after having served as an idol to the enthusiastic masses. She began again her orgies, and passed anew through many gallant adventures. After being the 'divine' of the gallants of the reign of Louis XVI., she became the 'adorable' of the *roués* of the Directory: briefly, she died, the goddess, almost unknown; and none were much 'concerned' at her disappearance.

Sophie Momoro shared in part the fate of her husband, considered afterward as belonging to the faction of the *Indulgents*. At the arrest of Hébert, (the Father Duschesne, whom we have above quoted,) Momoro had the imprudence to manifest his discontent. He covered with a funeral pall the *Declaration of the Rights of Man*, which hung on the wall of the hall of the Cordeliers, and for this he was condemned to death with his pretended accomplices, and guillotined on the twenty-fourth of March, 1794. Sophie was involved in the disgrace of her husband. She was accused of conspiring against the government, and thrown into the prison of Port-Libre.

What must have been the astonishment of her fellow-prisoners as they saw her in their midst? 'We knew not,' says an author\* who was confined there at this time, 'that she had figured as the goddess of Reason; this circumstance, when known, drew upon her many taunts, which she pretended to receive with a good grace. 'Ah!' said some of the railers, 'Behold a goddess who in no respect resembles the oriental divinities: her temple consists of four bare walls!' Another added: 'But this goddess is very terrestrial: she has only passable features, frightful teeth, and a clumsy form.' Sorrow and unrest had indeed made many ravages in Sophie's beauty, and the poor woman trembled in seeing those who, the year before, had prostrated themselves before her shrine, now cursing her for having profaned the altar of CHRIST.

And when the *Solides*—this was the name given to the juries devoted to Robespierre—had pronounced Antoine François Momoro guilty, Sophie gave herself up to weeping and despair. This furnished only another opportunity for a joke to one of the prisoners, who thus mentions the fact in his journal: 'The Goddess of Reason has not been at all reasonable during the day,' a play upon words, as was very frequent during this strange epoch, when the victims criticised and jested with one another, even at the foot of the scaffold.

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\* COITTANT, who wrote a journal of the events of each day.

After all, Sophie Momoro had no crime to expiate. She had played a part only on account of her beauty, and the most unscrupulous partisans of Robespierre could not reproach her with any intrigue. On the eighth prairial in the year 2, (that is, May, 1794,) they came to tell her she was free; that the accusations made against her had been regarded as not proven by the Revolutionary tribunal. At this announcement Sophie experienced more bewilderment than joy. 'She was so astonished at her good fortune, that she could scarce believe it, and the good woman began to weep as she left the prison.' Her husband was dead. She would be more desolate than ever in the midst of a world in which Momoro was not, and from this time she lived in the most complete obscurity.

What can be more sad than the end of this goddess, unless, perhaps, that of Mademoiselle Aubry, the danseuse of the opera? However — pardon in us, dear reader, this tone so little compassionate — this last disappeared all at once in the midst of her grandeur. From the goddess to the obscure old maid, there was no transition. She was not obliged to content herself exclusively with her dramatic career, like Mademoiselle Maillard, nor did she languish a long month in prison, like Sophie Momoro, the butt for sarcasm and the prey to fear. No; it was the lightning's stroke which took her life.

One evening at the theatre, when she was representing *Glory* in person, when she was arrayed in her Grecian tunic, with luminous clouds about her feet, and azure arches above her head, when she was even more brilliant than of yore, when she was surrounded by her pontiffs and her adorers, when she was reigning in an Olympus of canvas and pasteboard; one evening, when after having appeared to the astonished and surprised mortals, she was remounting to her celestial home, the goddess fell and broke her arm. Misfortune it seems is after all good for something. The patriots opened a subscription-list for her, of which the receipts were large, and the opera bestowed a pension upon its '*Glory*' so well beloved. Mademoiselle Aubry ended her days in the receipt of a handsome income, and in a calmness of mind which her two unfortunate colleagues were never able to find.

The Goddesses of Reason, as will be seen from this succinct biography of these three women, touched but indirectly on the Revolution. They wielded no power but that of beauty, which always preserved its privileges even in the most bloody days of the Terror. The party leaders of that time wished, by the means of their charms, to strike the eyes and the imagination of the people. Doubtless they were the women who were recognized as the most beautiful; and perhaps, with the exception of Sophie, for whom Momoro may have intrigued, in the idea that the renown of his wife would be reflected upon him, all merited, physically, the homage which they received. They must

not be confounded with the heroines, properly so called, at the head of whom is placed Théroigne de Méricourt. The first acted for Reason; the second was only the image of Liberty. The one was born on the fourteenth of July, 1789, at the taking of the Bastile: the others began to play their parts only on the day when Gobel, Bishop of Paris, abjured the Catholic religion, and when among other things he had said:

‘To-day, when the Revolution marches with gigantic strides toward a happy end, since it unites all opinions in a single political centre; to-day, when there should be no other public and national worship but that of liberty and the holy equality, because the sovereign will of the people so ordains it, in conformity to my principles I submit myself to their will, and come to declare openly to you all, that from this day I renounce the exercise of my functions as a minister of the Catholic Church.’

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A M A V I .

In the flush and glow of the young spring-time,  
 When the fields were all crimsoned with clover,  
 When the king-cups dimpled the hale hill-side,  
 And the boughs with their blooms bent over;  
 When the robin sang to his nesting mate,  
 Where the maples make endless shadows,  
 With the birds and the bees and bright-eyed MAUD,  
 I wandered away to the meadows.

In the lurid glare of the summer sun,  
 When the locusts went shrieking and whirring;  
 When the landscape lay in its robes of dun,  
 And only the mowers were stirring;  
 When the birds had flown from their mossy nests,  
 And the sun white waves of heat was drinking,  
 I romped with MAUD in the new-mown hay,  
 So joyous and gay and unthinking.

When the fields were covered with rifts of wheat,  
 And the grapes hung purple and mellow;  
 When crimson cankers flamed in the trees,  
 And the hills were hazy and yellow;  
 I walked with MAUD in the dim old wood,  
 For the dawn of a new truth yearning;  
 We sighed and we loved, and we kissed, perhaps,  
 So easy and sweet was its learning.

R. A. O

## KING ROLF: A DREAM OF A WINTER'S NIGHT.

## v.

THE great Hyperborean potentate drove swiftly from the gulf of the North fires to his castle, for his dominions were even now alive with his faithful subjects, hurrying, fully armed and equipped, to follow their monarch wheresoever his warlike stomach might take him. The royal abode was now right royally illuminated, and the immense hall in which Rolf was wont to assemble his retainers before descending upon the enemy's territory was garnished with all the pomps and vanities naturally belonging to an imperial line so ancient and renowned. I attempt no description of the scene. I leave it for romancers following in the train of history to write up descriptions, for two reasons, namely: first, if half the truth were told, it would not be credited; second, dignity.

Scarcely had his High Mightiness taken his seat upon the throne, before the trumpeters in the great arch gave forth a lusty blast, and in rushed the giants of Windhome, in a disorderly troop, followed by their hounds.

'Welcome, ye wild winds,' said the King. 'Welcome, ye blustering hurricanoes, to the North House. You are always the first to come when I summon my people to war, and more useful servants than you and your dogs I have not. You are said by some to be rude and giddy, and even my toughest followers sometimes complain that you do not distinguish between friends and foes. In truth, I would be glad if ye learned to be more attentive to the sound of my signal-horn. You rush skyward, seaward, landward in such a craze when the battle waxes hot, that I sometimes am tempted to hobble both you and your wild hounds before I trust you again in my royal excursions. What fair promises do you have at tongue's end now, gentle zephyrs?'

Then one of the giants replied in a shame-faced way: 'It is true, O King! that heretofore we have been light-headed things, and have justly deserved punishment. But 't is the brine, O King! the brine of the sea. When we snuff the vapor of the southern sea, O King! we become drunken, and know not what we do. But now hear what I say, O King! Henceforth do I and my brothers abjure that which so mounts to our brains, and thou shalt see that we will this night be most careful and obedient; furthermore —'

'Promise nothing further, honest hurricane,' the King said, 'for fear your memory will have too heavy a load. But continually remember what you have said, and be a most proper, most discreet hurricane, giving an example to these younger tempests, your brothers.'



Another blast of trumpets was now heard, and a tumultuous crowd poured into the hall.

‘Whom have we now?’ the King cried. ‘Ah! my Lords of Greenland! Hail to ye, my skating lords and red-faced rabble! whence come ye, ruddy peers?’

‘From riding down the mountains, O liege! on long pines which the sea cast upon the shores; from sporting with the avalanches, and from heaving ice-hills into the sea!’

‘You are welcome, ye tough Dukes. And here come the burghers of Burgoland, with their stout captain at their head. Most valiant and worthy burghers, I hail you. Of all the pikemen of the north, there are none so sturdy as the free citizens of Burgoland. Whence come ye, doughty burghers?’

‘From killing whales in the shoals, O King!’ old Vongerbrock answered. ‘There were a thousand whales in the shoals when thy summons came, but we remembered our treaty, O King! and we left all, and are come with our weapons.’

‘When you return, O trusty burghers! each one of you shall have a whale from our royal pond, a very burgomaster of whales, and if your backs do not ache under the burden, then am I no judge of the nature of pounds avoirdupois.’

A rousing blast from the trumpeters in the grand arch was now heard, and a sledge entered the hall drawn by an hundred horses of dazzling whiteness, which bore long manes that almost touched their feet. A fair lady stood erect in the sledge, driving the prancing squadron. The trumpeters again and again extorted their loudest tones from the much-enduring brass.

‘Soft, ye horn-blowers,’ cried the King. ‘Do you think you are ushering Polyphemus into our assembly? See you not the fair lady of Snows? Soft with your hollow brass. Fair lady, I salute thee. These ear-splitting musicians did receive thee with a blast that might have overthrown a deaf Cyclops.’

‘Indeed, royal Rolf,’ the lady of Snows replied, ‘you are quite too harsh. Gentle minstrels, be not abashed. Your notes were as pleasant as the twittering of snow-birds. From the far Cordilleras I saw thy signals, O Rolf! and have hastened hither to render my service.’

The hall rapidly filled with the eager sons of the North, and even without the door a vast multitude was assembled.

‘Lo! there comes the dreadful Goblin Yarl,’ whispered the simple brothers of Windhome, when the King’s messenger, last of all, forced his way through the crowd, and passed up to the throne. ‘Grant that he does not report to the King the things we did unto him.’

Yarl gave to the monarch the royal dagger, saying: ‘I return thy precept personally served, and have the bodies of the defendants in



court, O Mightiness!' and winked audaciously at the high-sheriff, whose formula he plagiarized for the occasion.

'Well done, Goblin,' the King said; 'you have mustered the hosts in good time. But did you not find my admirals? All are here but those. Ah! here they come. Avast there! Room for my sturdy commodores!'

The indignant captains of the fleet strode forward.

'I rejoice to see you, bluff admirals,' Rolf said. 'The frozen spray is on your beards: most valorous of my subjects are ye: to none do I dispense favors more willingly than to my ruddy men of the sea.'

'One favor then do I ask of thee, O King!' roared a lurid admiral, 'and this being granted, I will never ask for another; namely, the body of the infamous Goblin Yarl. A more vile blackguard than yonder goggle-eyed son of a sea-hog does not breathe. Fifteen minutes ago he came through the fleet, and what thinkest thou he said, O King? Was it, 'Ahoy, valiant admirals, royal Rolf bids you haste to the North House?' Nay, verily, but thus he spoke: 'Come out of your holes, ye scurvy villains! come out, I say, ye old ganders! come out, ye porpoises, lest I haul you forth by your snouts!' These things, O King! and many others, spoke the vile goblin, and by Wodan, if I could have lain hold of the wretch, no tongue would he have taken back to thy castle with him: but an old pilot carried him off in a skiff and I could not catch him.'

Then the King knitted his brows with wrath, and said: 'Grooms, put a halter around the neck of this knave and hale him straight to the cavern of Skóptar John, and bid the jailer keep him till I return from the war. Then he shall be brought forth and hanged!'

Thereupon two grooms did slip a halter around the neck of Kobold Yarl, and haled him to the dungeons of Skóptar John, the grim jailer.

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ROLF the King spoke to his people thus: 'Ye know, O folk of the North, that in past time our rule extended over great lands and seas, and there was none who dared defy our power. Ye know also that those of mortal race who dwelt near our states did worship the great god Odin, and did homage also unto our fathers who ruled in this realm. These men were treated with kindness by the unseen North folk, for they were stout of heart, strong of hand, and did not array themselves in pride or in defiance against our power. Therefore they were protected by us, and by our help they made conquests on land and sea, and founded great nations. But after a time, the sons of these men ceased to worship the ancient gods of the north. Another rose who was more mighty than they; yea, verily, did he

not overcome death and the grave? So the ancient gods of the South were first cast out by him as unclean things, and afterward the gods of the North were overthrown, and now all the nations fear him, and there is a new order in the world. Ye know also that it is told how, after these ill days began, in the days of our fathers, one of great stature came here and said: '*When man reads my tombstone, the North House shall fall!*' And then the god Thor threw his hammer and rent the front of yonder mountain: there his hammer lies to this day, none daring to touch it. The god went from our sight, and has no more been seen, nor ever will be. From this do we know that when men shall behold yonder mountain this house will fall; our kingdom will end, and both I and ye will perish utterly, and none will take our places. But I have sworn that no man shall ever behold Thor's tombstone. Have not their strongest, wisest, and boldest, essayed to enter our realms? Have we not met them with tempest, with frost, with snow, with death? Their ships are sometimes crushed. We have assailed the crews when they fled, and have sometimes drowned them in the sea, or smitten them with starvation and blindness when they wandered over the desolate land. Yea, verily, ye North folk, this Man so proud, so bold, so insolent, has learned to fear *us*, though all the ancient powers of earth have perished before him. Now I have summoned you this night that we may go down with all our power upon the lands of our enemies, that they may know that Rolf yet rules in his stronghold, and is greatly to be feared.'

## PART SECOND.

THE present historian found with some dismay the preceding chapters of this epic narrative in print, having for several years believed the same to be reposing in the same tomb which holds the respectable dust of the lost books of Livy. The privilege of revision, in part, having been accorded to him, he has spent some perplexed hours over the sheets so unluckily resuscitated. Just at this point a loss has occurred, not easy to be supplied. Suppose he were to advertise in the '*Herald*' or '*Tribune*,' 'Lost, a first-class Rotary Tempest,' would it be at all probable that he would reach the conscience of the fortunate finder so as to cause a restoration of the chattel to 'A. B. C., KNICKERBOCKER Office'? Being an adept in the 'proper study of mankind,' the present historian is too wise to expend his pence in such a contribution to the columns of the metropolitan press. He therefore proceeds with

## II.

SUCH an invasion as that which is described in the last two chapters had not occurred within the memory of the Oldest Inhabitant. That worthy ancient, sitting in his chimney-corner and smoking his pipe, did

aver that such a storm had not visited the land in three generations. Ah! it was a wild, wild night. The winds roared and raged with savage fury. The snow was already deep on the ground, and yet it was sifted from the inexhaustible clouds, and the tempests chasing each other from the far north-western lakes to the ocean, snatched it up, drove it across the fields in whirling columns steeple-high, or carried it to-and-fro in long sheets which overspread sheds and stacks and fences. The towns were blockaded, the highways were choked with drifts. How the forests roared. How the gusts buffeted the mountain oaks, that threshed in turn their assailants with bare branches. How the whirlwinds beat against the foundations of the houses. How the ocean thundered.

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LET me rest from these rough sports. For a day and a night I have been among the storms and booming icebergs. I have scurried over the ocean with the brothers of Windhome and their hounds, where the merchantmen reeled helplessly before the blasts, and the war-steamer tumbling hither and thither among the mob of billows, fought such a fight for life as a champion of the Round Table beset by pagan hordes may have fought before his crest at last went down

‘At Lyonness beside the wintry sea.’

I have been with Rolf’s merciless Cossacks as they ravaged from sea to sea, pillaging the cities, leaping from the mountains, crossing the icy lakes. Man, with all his boasted despotism, cowers to-night before this rebellion of primeval forces. Science, the Metternich who has taught him how to enslave the rude clans of nature, and by cunning use of their mutual antipathies to make them the sustainers of their own servitude, is palsied at this savage fury which overthrows the ‘system’ with its nice checks and balances.

And still they keep it up. There is hardly a lull to-night. The winds pipe with lustier lungs than ever. Yonder goes a poor ghost that ventures to peep from his grave. See him, hustled through the air like a night-cap. Poor perturbed spirit; the prince of the powers of the air rules to-night; thou shouldst have lain whimpering on thy lone pillow, and not come forth among these mad-cap boys-o’-the-storm. From what bowl have ye sipped, ye hurricanoes, that ye now roar by, rushing toward the sea with new fury! What game do ye snuff, dreadful hounds of Windhome, beyond that wreck-strewn cape, that ye now race with death-boding howl, out over the surf, vanishing in the darkness beyond?

Blow away, ye winds! ‘Crack your cheeks’ if ye will. I am tired of revolution, at last, and shall withdraw from these tumnlts for a

time, and rest myself in some choice haven. Where shall I find harbor? Who speaks?

'Entertainment for man and beast, at the Drover's Home, by me, John Pinkerton.'

'American Ho-tel, Sir; only one street from the dee-po — lights in front winders — bang-up house — breakfast in time for seven o'clock train — any baggage, Sir?'

No, no, honest John. Your bar-room under the butternut trees, cheerful though it be with the blaze of logs, and the discourse of pipe-smoking cattle-dealers, is not the port I seek to-night. Neither is the American Ho-tel at all to my taste, O rowdy! distinguished though it be with the oracular presence of Judge Buggins dispensing his delphic utterances to weed-defiled politicians.

'Allow me, dear Sir, card of the St. Mammon Hotel, Wideway, city of Nineveh — unequalled attractions in the way of gilt bed-posts and so forth, as you doubtless have learned from the public prints.'

Bland Sir, behold in me the last of the Spartans — the American Fabricius. I can look with calmness even on a — gilt bed-post.

'I am too happy to offer you, Sir, the hospitalities of Number Forty-Two Zoölogy-Square. Mrs. Van Amburg, in whose splendid mansion all the lions at present in the city are this very evening assembled, will be proud to receive a gentleman of such distinguished associations into that circle of which herself and daughters are acknowledged ornaments, and with which the most fastidious tourists from Enrope have been graciously pleased to express themselves less disgusted than with any other society on this side of the Atlantic.'

I am desolated with sorrow, dear Mr. Fulldress, that I must deny myself the pleasure of one hour in the — ah — the least disgusting society of the New World.

No, no; I seek, and will find the rarest haven which the night enfolds. I possess a powerful magic; to my *open sesame* all doors are obedient, and I enter, invisible. Under this vast blackness, which is piled heaven-high, I see myriads of lights twinkling from the homes of men — little caves of light and warmth beneath this prodigious mountain of darkness. Among these twinkling cells I distinguish here and there one filled with richer light than the others. Men of earth wot not of these — thinking, doubtless, that to the winged things that flit, viewless, through the night, the chandelier always out-blazes the rush-light. Not so, in truth! Where the good, the valiant, the pure dwell, thence a light shines in the night, beaconing to the far-off spirits the havens where they may find rest, or where they shall stand with drawn swords to defend from prowlers from the Pit.

Here do I find my post. This is a village. Flowing at the base of a rocky steep, crested with pines, the river creeps beneath its winter

roof of ice. Yonder it brawls through a reef of round-backed rocks in its channel, and soon tumbles over a flight of dams, and once more gliding under its icy roof, is seen no more till in yonder notch of the hill, which you might see a league to the north but for the night and the storm, another abrupt depression of the grade, with the usual group of round-backed rocks looking (provided the reader can so far divest himself, or herself, of the conventionalities of natural history as to accept without inward remonstrance the comparison) somewhat like a mother-elephant with a numerous litter of little ones composedly enjoying a January bath. Here, also, is a house of fair dimensions standing a few yards from the street, which, passing in the summer-time and seeing there behind the trees, you would know, my vulnerable young friend, without inquiring confidentially at the office of the village hotel, was the home of a mild and noble matron, with one daughter, possibly not uncomely. The latter you might even perhaps obtain a glimpse of, moving among the flowers, or by the high window over the rose-bush; or perhaps when the glistening day had given place to the twilight, you might have caught a few bits of song — a confusion of pleasant voices, one voice among them most emphatically a tunable one, redeeming any imaginable confusion from the charge of discord. But now 't is Rolf's Night. The trees struggle with the storm. The village maidens are snugly housed and under the eye of the paternal dragon, giving way to ludicrous little shudderings as the obstreperous tempest indulges in a fortissimo around the applauding shutters. Dear William, poor John, nice Fred, good old Tom, sit in bachelor confab before Major Bunyan's hickory blaze in the hotel. Heroic Edward only being smitten clean through cuirass, vest, shirt, wrapper, cuticle, and pericardium, puts on his patent-leather and furs, and braves behind his dauntless steed the league which separates Major B.'s sign-post from dearest Laura.

I pass along the street and stand beside the mansion I showed you. The snow flies over the roof. The rose-bushes are buried in a white sepulchre. Where is she who watched over them in the summer-months long past? Alas! have not the rude months that murdered the flowers slain also that fair guardian whose cheek the poor blossoms loved to touch? When November came with his knife and stabbed the last of the innocents to gratify the wintry Herod, did not the executioner destroy also her who mourned over the dying ones, and would fain have staid his ruthless hand? Ha! here is the ruffian now, prowling under these parlor-shutters, through which the light of a lamp is peeping. You huge, grimy, rough-bearded murderer, surly, stony-hearted stabber of the fair and innocent, what do you here? Would you even drive your knife, O November! into the

throat of her whom the poor flowers loved? Here, boys-o'-the-dark, take the savage and lash him to the ends of the earth, and further.

Good, good; there they go. He roars like a bull with a bee in his nostril. Lay it on him, my lads. Rap his ugly head with your cudgels — well done, well done. He bellows gloriously, uproariously, buffaloriously. Ha! ha! ha! flung over the dams, neck and heels.

And now I will enter. High in the air, on the very top of the storm, I saw the light of this lamp when all others below were darkened. I have followed it hither, and now I will enter and see whose presence makes the flame of the lamp so bright.

Lo! in the radiant parlor, sitting in a large chair, behold a maiden alone and silent. A book lies open before her, but the shadows of reverie move across the half-verted azure of her eyes, and she heeds not what the sage sayeth. Fair lady, I am a chevalier of the air, and no act of Congress forbids me thus to bend — thus to touch with my lips that hand.

She moves not. I stand before her helmed, plumed, cuirassed. She sees not the Chevalier of the Night. Ah! I might touch the lid of that eye with the tip of my finger and she would behold her wild visitor. I am scarce older of face than yourself, musing maiden, but to see one of Rolf's guardsmen in all his savagery, even though his heart, like mine, were proud to do your slightest bidding, would be startling as an apparition of the Saracen to a mediæval princess in her bower.

By what name do they call thee here, maiden, I know not. But seeing thee, I think of a dale, passing lovely, lying in summer stillness. A lake sleeps in the shadow of the wooded hill. Birds sing in the groves. Far is a range of highlands fading into sky, and above it the clouds hover. These, seeing thee, I think of; and as thou gavest no answer when I asked thee by what name thou wast called, I shall call thee what I please. Thou art *Summer's-day-Dream*, for thou gavest me a vision of mid-summer, here, where Rolf's rabble career all-conquering.

She moves not yet. To me, wont to look on faces rough like the bear's, fists fit to stun the walrus, eyes as full of savagery as the fish-hawk's, wondrous art thou, O golden Dream-of-Summer! How shall I, who have sometimes rudely sketched the visages of Rolf's rugged admirals, trace those perfect lines of brow, lip, nostril, throat? Where got that ear its little modicum of witchcraft: and those skirting folds of hair, whence come their majesty?

What thinkest thou, dreamer? Hear you not how the storm roars without? how the trees creak, sigh, scold? Rolf's rioters range through the streets in endless squadrons: the savage bellows in



the dams while his tormentors lash his brawny shoulders. But here, the lamp bears its luminous globe unmoved; the long curtains by the window are motionless, and thou, in long musings, sitt'st without sign of life, save in thy musing eyes. What think'st thou, Dreamer?

What now! Here come my lads-o'-the-dark scuffling like mad caps that they are. Whack! bang! they tear a shutter from the parlor-window, and fling it, a poor shattered wreck, against a column of the verandah, with a crash which resounds through all the neighbors' houses.

She starts to her feet, and the volume of the sage falls to the floor, scattering the chess-men on the carpet in its awkward flight. 'Aha! I see now those bright eyes fully orb'd. Alarm has touched the lips and parted the nostril! A moment brings reassurance. A smile summons back the fugitive blood to the cheek. Why did you desert your channel's timid streams? Now, fair maiden, permit me to dissuade from further reverie. Beside the unpardonable wickedness of hoarding so miserly the light of your eyes, I suggest that it is blowing furiously — blowing great guns in fact; and I would not wonder at all if we all blew away in a half-an-hour, house, trees, cat, kitchen, and cellar. Furthermore, 't is my high pleasure that you do otherwise. If you again veil those eyes, I will call my mad-caps down the chimney and bid them breed such rebellion in the zone of pots and kettles below, that Diana, the Ethiop queen who reigns there, will flee in speechless terror from the diabolism which she will more than suspect is at work among her sooty subjects. But see, I dispose myself in this vast chair before you, thus; throw my sword and casque on the floor — so! Now, by means of my powerful magic, you shall do what I would have you, and know not why you do it. Let there be music.

Sitting at the piano, she touches the keys with magic, compared with which mine is poor enough. I can set the storm whistling, or smother the mountain-peaks with a blanket of fog; but where is my spell to open the gates of that sweet country of Sorrow — land of still lakes and drooping groves, which swing wide at that melancholy music! Ah! ah! how mighty is that witchcraft! I follow thee through these shadows, through these moon-lit glens. Lo! the gate of dreams is before us. I dare no longer follow thee. Stepping into that unsubstantial realm, I would sink down, down, till Hades caught me. I pray thee lead me back.

The fingers run more swiftly over the keys. We go forth into a vale bright with the sun of mid-summer. The mill rumbles by the stream: the water-fall flashes in the ravine: afar, forests wave, and a crest of rocks, tufted with moss, is seen through the branches of the sycamores, a crow's flight above our heads as we walk by the side of



the stream : a horn is blown from a cottage-door, and the hills multiply the sound.

Enough, enough of these sweet pleasures. Strike me something in a bolder strain. Ha! here we gallop, horse and hound. Birds whistle, dogs bark; the sun flings his yellow lances through the mist. The bugle rings clear in the mountains. The old warder's culverin smokes on the tower, and here comes the crash, flying through the forest. Ha! these brave days of chivalrie! Here we gallop, horse and hound, true knight, gay ladye! Ring, rocks! whistle, birds! bark, hounds! roar, mountains! when the cannon bellows from the castle wall!

Is this my Dreamer of dreams? Aha! what means that impetuous eye, the dancing of the lip, the commanding poise of head? Is this she who but a moment ago drooped like a lily in the Vale of Shadows, for whom the floating cloud in summer seemed too rough in its motion; the gliding vision, too tumultuous? Now, with that eye kindling its azure beauty, that heart shooting its jets to the cheek, thou shouldst wear a cap and plume, fair Queen, and ride along the front of a loyal army. The sky itself would scarce hold their shouts in its vast hollow.

Now dash the keys with swiftest fingers. Chivalry is dead: the old world is in its tomb. Here, in the present, whirling-whirling-whirling, let us dance to the edge of the black gulf. Lights gleam, voices ring. Let the roofs resound with laughter; let the waltz, with ever-widening circles, draw into its whirlpool all light hearts; let wine tempt with its ruby cataract. Rainbows shine over the abyss—some over-arching it, some swinging with inverted curve; ah! how beautiful! let us leap upon them. Then there will be no more pain, slumbering eternally in those golden hammocks.

Pah! away with those vulgar enchantments. Not such should thy twinkling fingers love to call forth from this rose-wood Delphic cave. Home, home, true hearts and pure, the lamp, the hearth, mothers, brothers, friends, these she sings. Dear friends, the storm raves without, the earth lies in stiffened trance, the birds are gone. Then let the lamp shine and the hearth blaze, and remember also that HE who giveth the snow like wool, who scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes, who sendeth forth the ice like morsels, will again bring the seed-time and the harvest. HE is our FATHER: let us worship and serve HIM.

Now she leaves the instrument and sits again beneath that portrait. With further magic I will make you open that book, and you shall read to me. I love a voice sweet and low. I love the measured melody of verse. Read! Ah! to me, resting from the labors of the campaign, these things are sweet—music, pictures, the radiance of that white globe, but above that drooping face with the skirting

folds of hair, and the voice, sweet and low, reading a ballad of the old time. Softly moving through a half-open door, enter cat—a large gray matron, most handsomely provided for in this kind home, I will engage. Were you jet black, ancient puss, you would see me at once; but being of a less favored color, you move onward unconscious of the strange guest in the house. Now you push, purring, against the sofa, craving at least a pinch of the ear from your young mistress. Be off, quadruped. What! still manœuvring for notice, and pushing your cranium against the foot which peeps from its hiding-place. Let me see what virtue there is in mittens.

I fling a great hairy glove plump into the face of the cat. Ha! your eyes are opened, are they? You see me here, hirsute, mailed, fierce as the wild wolf. Swell up like a turkey-cock, gray puss! spit thrice and rush from the room frantic with fright.

What tumult is this about the house? Let me go to the windows and look out. Ho! here is Earl Rurick's battalion. What do you want here, frosty-bearded warriors? Why do ye crowd around this house? Know you not that herein dwells the fairest of earth's daughters? Would you slay her with your axes? Cossacks riding on reindeer, would you carry her off to your Northern tents? If you so much as touch with your frosty beard the cheek of the maiden, ye rioters, I will blind you.'

'Not so, young master,' a rude marauder says; 'we would not harm the maiden. Would you but softly move that curtain, we will look at her once and begone. We saw the light shining through the thickest of the storms, and knew that something rare was here. Grant, young master, that we may but once look upon the maiden. Far be it from us to harm a hair of her head.'

'Well, I will move the curtain. Behold the maiden, ye north bears! She sits in the great chair. Her forehead, partly supported by her hand, bends over the page. Could you but see those wild faces that peer through the window, bearded like white lions, you would start, fair reader!'

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AN EPITAPH: FROM THE GREEK.

Prors! thou art not dead: thou hast but gone  
 To dwell in some far happier land than ours:  
 Perchance thou hast the blessed islands won,  
 Where Spring eternal reigns, adorned with flowers.  
 Or in the Elysian Fields thy joyous path  
 Is strown with opening blossoms: far above  
 All earthly ills, thou feel'st not Winter's wrath,  
 Nor Summer's heat, nor care, nor hopeless love.  
 In blest tranquillity thy moments fly  
 Illumed by beams from Heaven's own cloudless sky.

C. T. R.

## SCENE AT SEA: A FRAGMENT.

THE busy winds wake early from their rest ;  
A restless crew the chafing sails release ;  
Proudly the canvas swells as giants' breast ;  
The good ships plough the short, crisp waves in peace.  
On — on ! The hills in distant gray decrease,  
Until they seem like fixed clouds. Farewell !  
Farewell ! 'T is night ! You stars can never cease  
To shine above ; and they alone could tell  
How each man crept to God as darkness round him fell !

Anon the purple of the gathering cloud —  
The war of wind and wave — the thunder-crash,  
Which in long distance, muttering, dies aloud ;  
The black mass opening to the lighting flash ;  
Each, all that tempest's goading will could lash,  
Split in live fury round the battling crew.  
Still on they went. At length the gurgling splash  
Of summer seas their soothing hymns renew ;  
Above no prating clouds disturb the thinking blue.

But yet more terrible than tempest's breath,  
More awful and more fraught with anxious fear,  
Was that dead calm when nature feigned a death.  
The deep sea looked like crystal, and so clear,  
The crew beheld through fathoms deep appear  
Bright flashing myriads in their arrowy flight.  
The ship seemed rotting in a golden drear  
Of sun-shine ; and her asking sails of white  
Made men breathe fast and full at such a breathless sight.

An awful silence wrought upon the brain,  
And tongues grew thirsty with the fear of thirst,  
And limbs ached with that wearying prison-pain  
Contracted space creates. Some men rehearsed  
How they could die : some hearts their fondness nursed :  
Some thoughts went home, and paused, and loved, and wept.  
Still nature's trance endured ! At length a first  
Faint breath athwart the oily waters crept ;  
The answering sails flapped life, and on the good ship swept.

When will to-morrow show the promised land ?  
Alone upon the waves ! Oh ! tell us where ?  
Hope folded oft her wings, and yet oft fanned  
With burning breath the ashes of despair.  
Day follows day, but only dawns to bare  
That watery waste the heart grows sad to meet.  
Soon rebel tongues their fears aloud declare,  
Until afar — great God ! the land they greet !  
And joy began to tingle in their conscious feet.

## THE VALLEY OF THE FRENCH.

THIS name is still retained of an interior region, distant some twelve miles north of the Cape of Good Hope. It lies in a fertile valley, separated from the sea by a vast extent of land and heather at the foot of a mountain, its southern boundary, which also still bears the name of French Mountain. On the north, runs a chain of more elevated mountains, forming a part of the Hottentot country. Here, in this very distant asylum, some thousand Huguenot refugees found a safe home from the bloody persecutions of their native France. In 1764 the Netherlands East-India Company offered to transport gratuitously to the Cape of Good Hope all of the 'Reformed' who had escaped from their own land, and were willing to follow trade or agriculture. Lands, seeds, and implements were also promised; when some eighty families embarked, under the direction of a nephew of Admiral Duquesne. Toward the end of the seventeenth century, their population had reached three thousand men; and their valley, about fourteen leagues long and three in breadth, can still be easily recognized by the many former villages of the French refugees. Drachenstein is the most ancient; and here was built the earliest and for a long while the only French Protestant Church, where the exiles repaired from long distances. Simon was its first pastor, whose memory is still venerated, and the traveller is shown a mountain, not far distant, which bears the name of this faithful preacher. Another village is called French Hoek, or the French Coena; a third, Chanon, the name of its founder. His descendants are a French clan, who have always had for their chief an old man, chosen from the elders, and without whose advice no important enterprise was undertaken. For a long time, among the New-Paltz Huguenots, New-York, there existed the 'Duzine,' or dozen old men, a somewhat similar custom. This patriarchal government, which conformed very much with the democratic ideas of the first Calvinists to the Cape, favored industry, and has rendered that region one of the most opulent and beautiful of the whole country. What is more important, it has maintained a purity of morals, simplicity of manners, with evangelical faith and piety, these greatest blessings, and thus preserved among the Huguenotic descendants.

There is a fourth village, the Pearl, the most important of the whole, and entirely given up to agricultural pursuits. Its inhabitants are the richest of this ancient Dutch possession, but now belonging to the British. Here the early emigrants chiefly cultivated wheat, and among them the best bread was eaten in the colony, not because their grain was superior, but from the French method of preparing it, and

handed down by their ancestors from father to son.\* Their fields were soon covered with fruit-trees, before unknown in South-Africa. The vine was greatly improved, and their Burgundy, Champagne, and Frontignan wines, soon acquired great celebrity, especially the famous wine of Constantia.

In 1729, the Dutch Government very unjustly prohibited the use of the French language in the religious services of the Huguenots. Until this period, it had been preserved with great purity, and now the refugees, obliged to learn the Dutch, their national idiom gradually became extinct. In 1780, Levaillant, the French traveller, found but one old man who understood French, but the names of many families called to mind the country and language of their ancestors. The colonists, too, could easily be distinguished from the Dutch by the brown hair and tawny skins of the latter race. Although the idiom of their forefathers has been lost, they still remain faithful to their stern principles and ardent piety. Whenever the traveller enters their hospitable abodes, he always finds the BIBLE, placed upon a table, the large family folio, which the Huguenots have handed down from father to son as an inestimable treasure, and sacred, inalienable patrimony. Within its holy lids is always found the family record. Pious books also have a place, and among them the psalms of Clement Marot, sung two centuries ago, by Christians, in persecuting France.

The Huguenots of the French Valley to this day retain some of their early, simple, and pious customs. There are no formal, pompous ceremonies, but daily they offer to God the incense of family praise and prayer, and read a portion of His Word. Excepting the little church at 'Chanon,' and the mission-chapel of the 'Pearl,' there is but one sacred temple for the whole Valley population. On the Sabbath, at sun-rise, they start in their rustic carriages, covered with hides and coarse-cloth, for public and divine service, returning peacefully to their homes in the evening. These devotional exercises seem to be their only relaxation from labor. Play is not known among them, and they are unacquainted with the fashionable refinements and vices of the European world. So entirely are they isolated, as seldom to frequent Capetown; and when the missionaries informed them, in the year 1828, that religious liberty existed in France, it was a thing before unheard of, and the old men shed tears of joy for such good news from the land where their forefathers had so cruelly suffered. They exhibited another noble trait by voluntarily consecrating their efforts to spread the Gospel among the idolatrous hordes and tribes surrounding them. At this time, the entire population of the Valley of the French is said to be ten thousand, four thousand of whom are de-

scendants of the refugees, and six thousand were formerly slaves, but manumitted by the British Parliament. Neither any longer speak the French language.

A second but less numerous colony of Huguenot refugees than the Cape, was founded at Surinam, a few years before the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The first settlements of the Dutch in Guiana were formed by hardy adventurers from Zealand; and one of their noblemen, the Lord of Zommelsdik, had married a noble French lady. He became proprietor of a part of Guiana, then entirely uncultivated, and here he brought many hundred French refugees. They embarked, under the direction of a commissioner named Samin, from the Burgomasters of Amsterdam; and among them were carpenters, masons, coopers, blacksmiths; and with farmers, to whom he distributed lands. A church was soon built in the little town of Paramibo, and a refugee minister called to officiate. The Dutch ship, 'The Prophet Samuel,' in 1680 brought over more emigrants; and some years after, several distinguished families arrived. Commerce, manufactures, and especially agriculture, received great impulse from these accessions; and the country they cleared was called Providence, a beautiful name it still bears. The propagation of Christianity among the savage tribes of South-America was the work of French pastors from Surinam. In 1697 Pierre Saurin devoted himself entirely to the conversion of the Indians, learning their language, and teaching them the Gospel; he saw his Christian efforts crowned with abundant success. The Walloon Churches of the Netherlands, at their Synod in 1700, appropriated a special fund to advance the pious labors of these Huguenot missionaries in the forests of South-America.

There remains to-day no more than a small number of the French churches, which were scattered far and wide during the great religious emigration from France. Most of the exiled families long since have disappeared, and many of their descendants insensibly have even changed their names, this last sign of their origin. While contemplating them a noble race, thus disappearing, we cannot help regretting that some proper illustrious chief did not arise in France, great enough to rally and to lead all the exiles under one standard. Realizing the favorite idea of the brave Coligny, that noble 'Admiral' might have conducted them to America, and here founded a vast colony, full of hope for the present and the future! Once established with such elements, a Protestant France would have arisen on the shores of the New World, and the foundations of a powerful empire firmly laid. PROVIDENCE, however, directed otherwise. The exiled Huguenots throughout the world were unconsciously to become, as it were, '*the salt of the earth.*' Above all, in our own land, they laid the germ and hastened the triumph of that Independence and those magnificent results which the United States to-day present to an admiring world!

## ANACREONTIC: FROM HORACE.

## ODE IX: BOOK III.

HORACE.

So long as I was loved by you,  
Nor any youth more favored threw  
His arms about thy neck so white,  
I lived in more than king's delight.

LYDIA.

Until you loved another more,  
Nor CHLOÏ LYDIA went before,  
LYDIA I lived of noble name,  
Than Ilia's clearer rang my fame.

HORACE.

Me now the Thracian CHLOÏ sways,  
Queen of the lyre, taught sweetest lays :  
For whom I will not fear to give  
My life, if fate will let her live.

LYDIA.

Love's torch the Thurine CALAIS burns,  
My soul the mutual fire returns:  
To die for him is double joy,  
If only fate will spare the boy.

HORACE.

But what if our first love again  
Binds us long parted in its chain?  
If the fair CHLOÏ I will leave,  
Will LYDIA, spurned, me yet receive?

LYDIA.

Although no star is half so bright  
As he, and thou than cork more light,  
And thy quick temper like the sea :  
Loving I'll live and die with thee.



## CAPTAIN GARBAS.

A TALE FROM THE FRENCH.

‘His lips quivered for an instant with a sort of nervous contraction, but he did not turn pale: his look remained haughty and determined.

‘Man or ghost, living or dead,’ said he, ‘you may strike, but not frighten me.’

‘I am a man,’ answered I, my eye flashing with wrath, which his coolness increased. ‘I am the man of whom you wished to make a ghost; a lover whom you have robbed of his bride; an innocent whom you have allowed to be condemned to death. You have your sword, defend yourself!’

‘Albéric answered in a proud tone, ‘A sword against a dagger! a soldier against a murderer! You can kill me, Paolo, but I shall not defend myself,’ and with a quick movement he threw his sword through the open window.

‘A sense of honor, jealousy perhaps, forbade me to kill him without defence. I caught sight of another dagger hanging on the wall, which no doubt belonged to Teodoro; I took it, and handing the hilt to Albéric:

‘In the name of your honor, if you have any left, do you allow me the right of considering myself insulted?’

‘He paused for one moment; then dropping part of his scornful attitude, his lips faintly uttered the single syllable: ‘Yes.’

‘Well, if I am the offended party, and you the offender, I have the choice of weapons for the fight: I require you to defend yourself.’

‘He raised his head, as if to set me yet at defiance.

‘Albéric, defend yourself! I love you!’ suddenly cried out Luisella, her face as pale as death, her eyes flashing like lightning.

‘A new fit of rage went through my heart, and the instinct of revenge disclosed to me where I was to strike:

‘In the name of your youth, of your hopes, of that Henrietta de Montmeillan whom you have left in France, and whom you will find there on your return, Albéric, defend yourself!’

‘At this sudden revelation, Luisella fell senseless on the floor.

‘You have then demons at your command,’ said Albéric to me, with stupefaction.

‘No; but I have ears to listen, when you thought I was dead, and spoke near me! Albéric, once more, in the name of Henrietta, defend yourself.’

‘A shade of melancholy and regret appeared on his face; he took the dagger and placed himself on the defensive. But he fought with-

out spirit, and besides, I had a marked superiority in the handling of that weapon; I wound round him like a serpent and struck him to the heart. He dropped down dead.

'All this had not lasted more than a minute. I then returned to Luisella, who was lying senseless: 'Rise up,' said I to her. She did not answer, and remained motionless.

'Luisella! rise up!' I repeated.

'She still remained silent and motionless. I took her in my arms and seated her on a chair. She was passive in my hands, and looked at me with large staring eyes, whose expression partook alike of anguish and distraction. At last a name issued from her lips:

'Henrietta!' she muttered.

'Yes, Albéric loved Henrietta! And Henrietta was his only love. *You* were but his plaything,' said I, again, dwelling on every syllable.

'Luisella started, but she soon relapsed into her fearful immobility. I took off Albéric the undress-jacket he then wore; notwithstanding our difference of age, we were about the same size. I slipped on in haste the jacket, and dressed the body with my coarse linen frock; I took his foraging-cap, and wrapped his head in my brown woollen one. In the inside pocket of the jacket I found a rather large parcel which I opened. It contained a few letters and a miniature; it was the portrait of a most lovely young girl.

'Nothing could be more poetical and more sweet than that fresh face of sixteen. That pure forehead, that limpid look, disclosed one of those heavenly spirits born for devotion, fondness and prayer. Curls of light hair encircled that lovely face, and made appear more pure the purity of that forehead, more fair the fairness of that look. For one so uncultivated as I was then, that lovely face was quite a discovery; it unveiled to me a new world. A strange sensation, confused and unaccountable, came over me while I was contemplating that picture. It seemed to me as if it was no longer the love of my bride that I envied Albéric, but that of Henrietta.

'Look! how beautiful she is!' said I to Luisella, placing the likeness before her eyes.

'I do not know whether her look dwelt on it for an instant; a light shudder was the only sign of life which she gave.

'I opened the letters, but I knew not how to read; I folded them up again carefully, and put the whole back in my pocket. Afterward I left the hut. At the end of May, nights are short, and I was in haste. I took the path which led out of the wood; when once near the verge of it I looked to the right and left, and discovered what I was seeking for: it was Albéric's horse. He had tied it to a tree before penetrating in the path. I took hold of the horse's bridle and led it to the threshold of the hut. I went in, seized Albéric's body,

and placed it across the crupper of the horse. The intelligent animal trembled under that mournful burden, which I secured with leather straps. Then I sprang lightly on the saddle; the horse attempted to rear, but I had learnt, when riding bare-back, to conquer such obstinacy; I pressed it with my heels, slackened the bridle, and a few minutes after, having issued from the wood, we were going at a fast trot toward Martorano. The strange emotions of that day had in the end caused a certain giddiness in my brain; my heart beat with difficulty; I was yielding to a mechanical impulse during that mournful race, which I have since compared to that of the black horseman of Bürger. The night was dark and still; the stars were already growing dim, though the dawn of day had not yet appeared: every thing was silent in that vast plain, where my horse, foaming under his double load, passed as a messenger of death. His rapid pace made the stones of the road resound; and at times the sparks flew from his hoofs. I made him approach the ditch where my unfortunate companions lay; I unfastened Albéric's body, disfigured his face with my knife, and placed him at the bottom of the ditch, under the heap of dead bodies.

“The number will be exact,” I muttered, during the awful operation. I remounted the horse, and turned it once more toward Saint Euphemia. About three o'clock in the morning, when the sky began to whiten with the first dawn of the day, I returned to Luisella's hut. I found the girl yet in the same place where I had left her, only her pallor was more livid, her immobility more frightful; now and then a faint sigh, more and more feeble, issued from her breast. For the first time, since the day before, I felt moved with pity.

“Luisella,” said I to her, “come! let us go hence; let us go to live or die far away from this place of despair.”

“She could not hear me; that nervous groan continued, though getting weaker. I tried once more to raise her; she fell back on the chair with her whole weight.

“Luisella! answer!” I said; “speak to me, and I forgive you all.”

“She seemed to make an effort to look around with her dim and glassy eye, as if she were looking for some one.

“Luisella! speak to me!” I repeated, with anguish.

“Henrietta!” she muttered.

“That name was the last word she breathed; in vain did I attempt to recall her to life, by pressing her to my heart; she was dead! I mastered my grief, and stifled my sobs. Rushing out of that cursed abode, I sprang again on horseback, issued forth from the wood, and turning to the right, took the opposite road to Martorano. My horse and my undress uniform protected me from suspicion. I went through part of Calabria without hindrance, and three days after reached Casalnovo. I had laid my scheme.

‘Since the beginning of that horrible war, from the time General Manhès had been invested by Murat with the command, of which he made such a terrible use, nearly all the voices which united to curse that tormentor of Calabria, united at the same time to tell of the good nature of General Paul de la Vauguyon. As generous as he was brave, as humane toward the vanquished as he was fearless in the contest, he was the ideal of chivalrous heroism, in which were mingled the traditions of the old nobility, with the enthusiasm of the imperial epopee. Having reached Casalnovi, I inquired where I could find General de la Vauguyon. I learned that he was with his body of troops between Nocera and Naples.

‘I went to Nocera; at that moment the General resided in the village of San Severino. I sought an audience, pretending to be sent by General Manhès. He admitted me; and when once in his presence, I told him all in a straight-forward manner, and without subterfuge. During my relation, his martial features wore an expression of sadness.

‘‘It is the law of retaliation,’’ said he; ‘it is the hazard of these horrible wars.’ Then holding out his hand to me with inexpressible kindness: ‘Paolo,’ said he, ‘your revenge has been cruel; but you can be forgiven. The bloody episode which you have just related to me must be an abyss between your past and your future existence. Paola Garba, the Calabrese, the herdsman, the man who avenges treachery with a dagger, exists no longer; he is dead; he has been shot in the ditch of Martorano. Hereafter you will be Paul Garbas, a soldier regenerated by the uniform, and purified by gunpowder. Shall it be so?’

‘I threw myself at his feet, and kissed his noble hand with tears of gratitude. It seemed to me that the General made me another man; that every one of his words transfigured me by his forgiveness. The kindness of General de la Vauguyon did not deviate a single instant; he had me admitted to the eleventh regiment of the line; three months after I was a private; a year after, I could read and write; in the beginning of 1812 I was a sergeant; at the end of 1813 I was second lieutenant. You understand, Lionel, that I am not going to relate to you my campaigns: the recollections of my military life are foreign to this narration. I prefer telling you what passed in my mind during that new stage of my existence.

‘As General de la Vauguyon had told to me, I felt by degrees that I was undergoing a complete transformation. There is something healthy in camp life which exalts the mind, dignifies the heart, and lessens and softens down culpable feelings. Besides, discipline subdued me, and gave a new form to my savage nature. First, I only had learned to read as the means of becoming a sergeant. Soon after I grew to like it. Some of my comrades and some of the officers lent

me a few good books which disclosed to me thoughts that I had never dreamed of. These books, while they refined my intellect, were a sort of check on that native instinct which made me the slave of passion or anger, of love or hatred. I learned to understand the delicacy of sentiment, also the purity and charm which civilization, refinement of manners, education of the heart and of intellect, associate with true affection. Two or three years after, my origin, my country, my boyhood, Antonio's farm, the wood of Saint Euphemia, and Luisella's hut, only came to my memory through a sort of mist, like a dream that might have belonged to another existence than mine; and in which my heart no longer found food either for hatred or for love. Two things, however, had outlived the transformation of my whole person: the recollection of Albéric, whose death had softened my resentment, and the image of Henrietta de Montmeillan, whose portrait had been for me the discovery of an unknown world.

'In the midst of the casualties of my military life, that portrait never left me. I also kept Henrietta's letters, and when I thought my education sufficiently advanced, I opened them and read them. Ah! I understood it afterwards; it was those letters that kept up my jealousy and my hatred toward that Albéric to whom they were directed; that Albéric whom my vengeance had slain, but whom I had not been able to deprive of Luisella's love, or of Henrietta's heart.

'How can I give you an idea of those letters? When I read them for the first time I was yet very young; my intellectual and worldly education was not enough advanced for me to find, in my experience or in what I had read, any thing to equal that chaste and poetical expression of the tenderness of a young girl. My new life was ridding me by degrees of the coarse elements of my primitive nature; but I was not the less a child of the woods and mountains, accessible to all vivid emotions, refined enough to understand all tender impressions, yet simple enough to feel them in all their bloom and all their charm. So those letters were to me what the first romance is when read in the beginning of youth, and which often rules an entire destiny. Here are a few passages of them; I have read them over so often, they are so closely bound up with my recollections, that I could never forget them:

*"Grenoble, February, 1809.*

'You are gone, Albéric, gone to those wars which, alas! do not give back to daughters, sisters or mothers, what they deprive them of. Yesterday, after your departure, I wept so much that my father, who had forbidden us to write to you, allowed himself to yield, and gave me leave to chat with you. Oh! how I embraced him; what caresses I bestowed on him. How like a little child I made myself to kiss that excellent father with more animation and more spirit.

'You see I soon make use of the permission: and now, I cannot

understand what would have become of me, had I been obliged to pass all the time of your absence without writing to you. Indeed, I ponder in vain, my conscience reproaches me not, and finds it quite natural that I should write to you. First, my father allows it; it must then be right; besides, have we not been affianced to each other for six years? Did not my poor mother, when dying, tell yours that she wished our union? Is not my cousin Fernand your companion-in-arms? Is not my brother Marcelin your friend? Every thing unites us; the past and the future, our childhood, our youth, our hopes and our fears, your heart and my soul; for of that soul have I given you all that does not belong to God and to my father: or more properly, Albéric, I do not separate those three affections which become strengthened and sanctioned one by the other. God, in His infinite bounty, allows me to cherish you, and my father has often placed your hand in mine, smiling with kind indulgence. Christian daughter and wife! in that consists the whole life of my heart. To pray to God, is it not to pray for you? To obey my father, is it not to love you?’

“Grenoble, April, 1809.

“O my friend, how I trembled as I read the account of that battle where you were slightly wounded. How I thank God not to have allowed that bullet which carried away your epaulet and grazed your arm, to have struck your breast. When I think, Albéric, that it only wanted a few inches! This is our fate, unfortunate women, in these cruel times! To suffer daily the tortures of suspense, and to watch breathlessly the arrival of the bulletin which deprives us altogether of hope, or restores us to life.

“We are very sad, and my father attempts in vain to conceal his feelings; it is with great difficulty that he restrains from falling the tears that come to his eyes. My brother Marcelin left yesterday for the army of Spain; he only could spend three days with us, and it was during those three days that we heard of the battle and of your wound. Fernand writes that you fought like a lion. It is well, dearest friend; if I thought that a single word of my letter would deter you from your duty, I would not write that word; we too, have our courage and our dangers; those dangers and that courage are yours; we must not tremble more than yourself before the blows that threaten us; otherwise, we should not be worthy of being your sisters or your wives, your daughters or your companions.

“What am I saying! Alas! I pretend to be brave, and am trying to blind myself to the trembling of my heart; do not believe me, Albéric, I have not those stoical virtues. I am proud of your conduct and your courage; I would suffer to excess if you were otherwise, but I am not the more calm for it. For the last three days, if I had not at hand my dear parish church, and our worthy pastor, if I



had not him as a comforter, I do not know what would have become of me! O Albéric, I love you so dearly! It is wrong, perhaps, to write thus to you. In times of peace I should not write it to you. How foolish I am; I am now thinking that war is good for something.'

‘Grenoble, July, 1809.

‘How can I thank you, Albéric? In the midst of your fatigues and of your dangers you remembered that yesterday was my birthday, and in spite of the distance which separates us, you found the means of sending me a bouquet of flowers, gathered for me at Ischia. Your commission was punctually executed. The flowers were handed to me yesterday evening, fourteenth of July, by your trusty Jean, who appeared to me weakened and scarred enough to need the three months' leave of absence which bring him back here. The honest fellow had put the bouquet in his knapsack, and during the whole journey he had taken the trouble of wrapping it in a wet cloth, which did not prevent it from being rather faded at the time of arrival, but that rendered it only sweeter and more precious to me. Those stems hanging down, those half-withered petals, did they not show how far the flowers came, and how deep was the affection that sent them from so great a distance? With what rapture I pressed them to my heart, those fragrant messengers of remembrance and of love! It seemed to me they were about to speak to me; my lips as they approached them, questioned them about you. Oh! do not be uneasy, Albéric, I did not ask them if you loved me! While looking at them, sweet thoughts crossed my mind. I noticed that they had lost some of their bloom, but kept all their perfume. Is not this an emblem of true and pure love, in times of separation and trial? Its lustre and brilliant colors disappear, but the perfume is the same; it remains and lives in spite of absence: love, that flower of heaven, transmits its mysterious fragrance to the two hearts it has united, and they still inhale together that divine aroma, when Providence separates them. It seems to me I see you shrugging your shoulders, and calling me romantic. Oh! do not complain; for my romance, it is yourself; I know and shall never know any other! It is in loving you, and following you constantly with my thoughts, that ideas crowd on my mind which astonish me; forgive me, Albéric, each of them is a new way of loving you.

‘P. S. In exchange for your flowers, will you accept this portrait? My father availed himself, to have it painted, of Isabey's passage through Grenoble, and he gives me leave to send it to you.'

‘Grenoble, 25th of March, 1810.

‘I OUGHT to be happy; after a splendid deed, my brother Marcellin has been appointed lieutenant. My cousin Fernand writes to me



that you are well, that you bear that terrible war gallantly ; nevertheless, I am restless and sad. For the first time, a letter from Fernand has come without a few lines from you. That silence surprises me : Albéric, your hand-writing does me so much good ! Your last letter is dated the fourth of January, almost a new-year's day letter, to me for whom all days are alike, when I think of you ! It is wrong, friend, very wrong ; you know I do not exact long letters, nor any effort of style. No ; one word, a single word to tell me that you are well, and that you still love me a little. It seems to me that this is not asking much, and that even in a wild country one can always find enough time, paper and ink to write that. Fernand easily finds it, though he is only a cousin, and not in love ! Ah ! how I would scold you if I dared, and if there was not, alas ! in the reproaches of love a confession that we are less loved ! How I would repeat to you my painful calculations : in the first six months, ten letters ; in the four following months, three ; in the two last months, not one ! What a cruel indication, Albéric ! But no ; I am mistaken, am I not ? Your heart is not party to this silence ; chance has caused you not to be there when Fernand was writing, or rather through inadvertence he has dropped the page you had given him. I am foolish thus to torment myself ; you love me yet, I believe you ; but still, in order to believe you, Sir, you must tell it to me. Tell it to me, Albéric, I beseech you, on my knees ; God will forgive me for writing to you so, and you will have pity on my love as He will have pity on my tears.'

*"Grenoble, 25th of April, 1810.*

"STILL another long month, and not a word from you ! What can have happened ? You are not wounded, you are not dead. Fernand would write about it, and he writes, on the contrary, that you are alive and well. Yes, but he writes that in such a way. I have read, read over, pondered and devoured every syllable of his letter ; there is nothing ; why then does it make me shudder ? Albéric, you are still living, but your heart is dead. You love me no more ; you dare not write it to me, but you are too honest to write to me that you love me still. O God ! have pity on me ! you are punishing me for having given too large a part of my heart to an earthly affection ; I deserve that chastening, but was he the one to punish me ? Yes, I am guilty, guilty toward yourself, Albéric, for last year when you were wounded, when every bulletin might bring me news of your death, and it seemed to me that I saw pointed toward my breast the bullets and the swords that were threatening yours — well, I did not suffer then as I suffer now ! I am culpable, but you ought to forgive me, for it is still love. Albéric, if you had fallen on the battlefield, my heart would have been broken by the same blow ; it would

have gone down with you to the grave. I was your affianced bride. I would have been your widow. I would have been faithful to you to my last breath; I would have lived with your noble image; the purity of the sacrifice would have softened its rigor, and I would have experienced the bitter joy, the heavenly excitement of Christian immolation! And now, oh! now, I dare no longer think of you; your memory calls forth in me ideas that I do not understand, which cover me with shame and confusion. Ah! yes, I was mad; I believed in the duration of that which is frail; I put my trust in what betrays; I was mad! Because you told me that you loved me, I believed that love to be your life as it was mine; that it was just as impossible for you to live without that love, as to cease to breathe. O God! help me! I have offended THEE. I forgot that in THEE alone must a Christian soul look for sincerity of eternal affections! I forgot that this world is bitterness, and that THOU art joy! that the creature is false, and that THOU art the truth! Help me, O God! and if THOU hast pity on my weakness, do not chasten Albéric!’

‘That letter, dated the twenty-fifth of April, was the last. Albéric might have received it a fortnight or three weeks before the tragical episode of Martorano, and of the forest of Saint Euphemia.

‘Allow me now, Lionel, to imitate your fashionable dramas and novels, passing over, in one second, a space of five years. On the eighteenth of June, 1815, I was a captain, as I am now, and I took a part in the last battle where the fortune of Napoleon was wrecked.

‘That battle has been related too often, for me to be tempted to give again an account of it; I shall only tell you that I received the orders of my colonel to carry at the point of the bayonet a position which the enemy occupied since the morning, and from which he was firing at us at an immense advantage. I was supported by a detachment of the third dragoons.

‘The attack was terrible and warmly contested; as we were reaching, exposed to the brisk firing of the British, the prominent point of the eminence from which we were to dislodge them, the officer in charge of our dragoons, and who had dashed forward, sword in hand, at the head of his men, fell about three steps from me, struck by a bullet in the shoulder. I sprang toward him, with about twenty of my men in a close column; and while we were finishing routing the red-coats, a litter was prepared, a soldier’s watch-coat thrown over it, and we placed on it our officer, who shouted, ‘Leave me! Forward!’ till he fainted, exhausted by pain and the blood flowing from his wound.

‘I gave orders for him to be taken to the ambulance, before once more the enemy were upon us; but, at the same time, those infernal red-coats, which we had put to flight, suddenly retraced their steps

There was an instant of an horrible *melée*, during which a tall devil of an ensign, with blue eyes and fair hair, struck me a blow with a broadsword that would have done credit to the Front-de-Bœuf of his countryman, Walter Scott. I fell senseless. When I recovered, I was in the ambulance; the nearest bed to mine was occupied by an officer seriously wounded like myself, and whose interrupted and panting breathing I heard at intervals. It was night, and I was so weakened that sensations only reached me through a sort of veil, similar to a painful dream.

‘Soon after day came, lighting with the splendid rays of summer that mournful abode, those melancholy scenes and those livid faces. My neighbor turned toward me: in spite of his pallor, I recognized the officer of dragoons, who had fallen the day before by my side; he knew me also, and trying to smile. ‘It is decidedly,’ he muttered, a day of misfortune for brave and noble hearts, since you are wounded?’

‘‘Captain,’ I answered, with an effort, ‘that is what I said yesterday to myself when I saw you fall.’

‘‘And why did you come to my assistance?’ added he, in a tone of affectionate reproach; ‘if you had not lost by me five precious minutes, you would have finished clearing the eminence, the red-coats would not have come back, and you would not be here.’

‘‘May be so; but I have no regret if I have aided in saving you.’

‘‘Thank you, friend — allow me to call you by that name, though I am a stranger to you; but men soon become intimate, do they not? when they get acquainted as we did yesterday, and when they find each other again, as is the case with us to-day?’

‘‘Yes, Captain, yes, your friend,’ said I confusedly, in a voice which pain and weakness made more and more unintelligible.

‘‘And, if we recover,’ replied my neighbor, ‘I wish that this first recollection should be between us an indissoluble tie; I wish that we should become companions and brothers in arms. Do you wish it?’

‘I attempted to answer, ‘Yes.’

‘‘And first, I must tell you my name,’ he replied, stretching out his arm toward me and holding out his white hand to me: ‘my name is Marcelin de Montmeillan.’

‘My hand, which I endeavored to tender him, could not reach his; I sank back on my sick-bed, overcome with emotion and suffering.

‘I AM again going to pass over an interval of a few months, filled with the catastrophes of that terrible year 1815, and reach at once the beginning of the ensuing winter.

‘The wound of M. de Montmeillan had been less serious than mine; he had borne the extraction of the bullet with an heroic courage;

after which his convalescence progressed rapidly. But he would not leave me an instant. Beside, after the disaster of Waterloo, we were both made prisoners, and then included in an exchange.

‘About the month of September, Marcelin was able to leave for Dauphiny, his native country, and go there to recover from his fatigues and his wound: he was free, and his health was restored. But as I was still suffering myself, and could not have endured traveling, he remained with me, nursing me with the care of a sister of charity, the cheerfulness of a comrade, and the affection of a brother.

‘During the long hours of my tedious convalescence, we drew still closer the bonds of a friendship commenced on the battle-field. There is in a convalescence, that especially which follows a serious illness, a sort of softening and melting languor, a fatigue mingled with comfort, which prepares one for gentle emotions. It seems that we have been born again, that we are entering a new life with younger organs, with sweeter sensations, and that, in the restoration to youth of the soul and the body, the necessity of loving follows that of living. It was my lot to be still more accessible to those affectionate impressions, I who, at the age of twenty-two, had never known a friend! During the five years that had elapsed since the tragic episode of Martorano, in which my being had been transformed and fortified, I had contracted from that fatal recollection and from the habits of my adolescence, an almost savage taciturnity, which the improvement in my intellectual and moral education might modify, but of which sufficient traces remained to isolate me among my comrades. In my regiment I was esteemed on account of my scrupulous punctuality on all points of discipline, for my ardor to improve myself, and even for that caution which prevented expansion, familiarity, and confidence; but I was not beloved.

‘Therefore, it was with delight that I indulged myself in Marcelin de Montmeillan’s friendship. That sweet friendship was to me, unused to the contact of the world and to intercourse with men, something similar to what the portrait and the letters of Henrietta had been to my heart: an initiation to a new world, of refined ideas and exquisite emotions, where the influence of education and of birth elevated the very manner of saying, feeling, and thinking. Ere long M. de Montmeillan had no secrets from me. When he saw that my approaching recovery and the charm of his affection dispelled by degrees my sadness and recalled a smile to my lips, he relinquished the part of assumed gayety which he had acted in order to cheer me and divert me from my sufferings. A cloud of melancholy overcast his brow, and when I asked him its cause, the explanation which he gave me was for me the source of fresh emotions.

‘Marcelin related to me (what I alas! knew) that he had a sister;

that his sister, that beloved Henrietta, the joy of his old father and his own, had been, some years before, affianced to a young officer named Albéric d'Offanges, whom she loved and by whom she was beloved; that Albéric had perished miserably in the war of Calabria, no doubt the victim of some horrible treachery; that his body had never been found; that a painful doubt, corroborated by strange circumstances, still hovered over the terrible event which had probably cost Albéric his life; that hints had been given of a rendezvous in a hut; of a young girl found dead on the threshold, and that the only man who could have thrown some light on that catastrophe, Fernand de Drancey, relative of the Montmeillans and companion-in-arms of Albéric, had been killed one month after, before he was able to return to France, or even to write any thing certain relating to the affair.

'You can easily understand how this statement moved me, who could have completed it by such exact and distressing details. Would you believe it? I was beginning to feel so strong a friendship for M. de Montmeillan, so elevated a feeling for his sister, that forgetting the wrongs of Albéric, the dreadful treachery of Teodoro, and that funeral ditch from which I had only come out alive by a miracle, I used to reproach myself at times, as a crime, for the death of M. d'Offanges. However, I did not cease to connect with his memory a feeling of jealousy; and by a strange illusion, which carried my present affections back to the past, it seemed to me that it was Henrietta's image which had roused me against Albéric. It is true that M. de Montmeillan's conversation increased the power of that image for my regenerated heart. Marcelin spoke to me constantly of his dear Henrietta; he praised her virtues to me, her piety, her beauty, and her grace, unaware that, while he was speaking to me about her with that vivacity of expression warranted by brotherly familiarity, I was silently pressing to my breast the portrait of her he was attempting to depict to me. 'Paul,' he used often say to me, 'what afflicts me, is that my poor Henrietta, who would have been the most lovely wife, the most admirable mother, is pining away in an eternal widowhood: she insists that Albéric is perhaps not dead, that there is no proof of it, and that it is for her another motive to dedicate her heart to that recollection, to vow herself, at twenty-one, to mourning and to solitude! Alas! I know too well that noble heart to hope that time may weaken that resolution! Hers is a soul seeking sacrifices and immolating herself with joy, as if each sacrifice brought her a little closer to heaven! However, I had other thoughts, I had entertained other hopes; I am but a soldier, no more; I am more afraid of matrimony than of ammunition bread. I had always thought that I would remain unmarried, that I would marry my sister, that I would have yielded to her all our property, which would make her rich enough

to be able to choose, and that when I should have fought long enough with Austrians and Russians, when I should even have left here and there an arm or a leg, I would come back to Montmeillan, where I would find Henrietta, surrounded by three or four brats, who would cheer the rheumatisms of their grand-father and their uncle! Alas! Waterloo on one side, and on the other the death of Albéric, have overthrown all those gay dreams: beside, shall I tell it to you? for me, as I am not quite so simple as Henrietta, it is evident that Albéric has probably been killed in a rendezvous of love, which, according to me, would considerably lessen what his bride owes to his memory; and I confess to you, I would give a great deal if an honest and good-looking fellow, as there are some yet in the French army, would succeed in proving to Henrietta, that it is not reasonable to devote herself to endless mourning, and to bury herself alive in a grave which is not even that of a true lover!

‘Then Marcelin used to add carelessly: ‘Are you aware, Paul, that with your black eyes, your pale cheeks, which give you a fairer complexion, you have a sort of interesting look which becomes you right well?’ And each of his words made my heart flutter.

‘In the beginning of the winter of 1816, I had entirely recovered, and had only remaining a little languor and weakness. M. de Montmeillan, without apprizing me of it, had availed himself of the influence which his birth gave him with the government of the Restoration, to obtain my maintenance in my rank, and that a leave of absence of one year for convalescence, would be previously granted to me, without being prejudicial to my rights of promotion. As he had obtained the same favor for himself, he informed me that we should spend together that time of rest at Montmeillan with his father and sister.

‘It was a memorable day for me, when we arrived at that old castle, situated in the vicinity of Voreppe, and respected by the revolution. The scenery that surrounds it, and of which nothing can equal the picturesque magnitude, received from winter some of its wild harmony, which was in keeping with our melancholy thoughts. The road which led to Montmeillan, cut in a slope at the foot of the mountains, looked down on a fine valley where a soft warm air melted the snow, and where a few sprigs of barley and rye were beginning to shoot here and there, out of the dark and damp ground. The house was surrounded by a wood of larch and pine trees, whose dark foliage looked on the uniform whiteness of the background, like a distant hope, mingled with scenes of sadness.

‘We alighted in front of the steps. I was as excited as Marcelin: he took my arm and we went through a gallery in which every thing told of the antique nobility of his race. As we were coming to the door of an ante-chamber which led into the drawing-room, that door



opened ; an old gentleman and a young lady dressed in black, appeared on the threshold.

‘Count de Montmeillan, who wore the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor, and ranked as vice-admiral, was one of those heroic officers of the old French navy who, thirty years before, had elevated so high in the Indian seas the glory of the flag. He was then about seventy years old, but his vigorous old age did not bend under the weight of years ; his stature was erect, his eyes were bright, his smile was full of grace and affability.

‘Henrietta, from that first instant, surpassed all my presentiments, all that her portrait had disclosed to me. In that delightful portrait, I had only seen a happy and calm child ; a young girl whom a shadow of grief had scarcely touched. On that pure brow, in that limpid eye, through the curls of her light hair, youth was smiling yet. What a difference between that smile of the past and what I had then before my eyes!

‘Henrietta had just reached her twenty-first year. Her beauty, developed by age, dignified by grief, had assumed that ideal garb, that mysterious poetry, which stamps those chosen for suffering, for prayer, and for love ; her whole soul could be read on her charming and lovely features. Her eyes had only retained of her tears, a sort of transparent mist, which softened their brilliancy ; like the morning fog, in which the first rays of the sun are wont to dip. Half-leaning on her father’s arm, she held out her other hand to Marcelin, so that their first embrace might unite them all three.

‘‘Father ! and you, my dear Henrietta,’ said Marcelin, after that first embrace, ‘allow me to introduce to you Captain Paul Garbas, of whom I have spoken to you in my letters. Father, you must love him as a son. Henrietta, you must receive him as a brother, for without him you would no longer have had either brother or son ! And beginning anew the relation he had already made in his letters, even exaggerating the truth, Marcelin de Montmeillan reminded them how I had saved his life.

‘‘Paul, you are welcome,’ said the old Count to me, with affectionate gravity.

‘‘Sir, we will love you here as those who are sad can love,’ said Henrietta to me with a voice of which methinks I still hear the soft and impressive tone.

‘From that instant, I was treated at Montmeillan as the third child of the house. The time I spent there, in company with those three select beings, surrounded with constant testimonials of kindness and friendship, is left in my memory as a pleasant dream, after a dreadful nightmare. Since the letters written by Fernand had not allowed any farther doubt of Albéric’s death, Count de Montmeillan and his



daughter had left Grenoble and had settled in that castle, whose solitary and melancholy grandeur suited the mourning of Henrietta. Noble and loving hearts, in their troubles, have no better refuge than the country; it increases in them a want of doing good, of tempering their sadness by comforting other unfortunate beings, and of drinking from those mysterious sources, which religion and charity set apart for the afflicted. Henrietta and her father, since they lived at Montmeillan, had constantly drawn from those divine sources; and if regret and mourning dwelt in their hearts, mirth and comfort were scattered round them; they were blessed from all parts, and by a natural reciprocity, the labor which they paid for munificently, adorned their abode, while at the same time their alms caused consolation and comfort to penetrate by degrees their hearts.

‘Henrietta acquainted me with her labors and her plans with a charming simplicity; there was no display about her sadness; sometimes as she was looking at her brother or myself, hearing us talk about our campaigns, tears came to her eyes, or else her pale cheeks became slightly colored; but she recovered quickly; a few pages of Bossuet, which she constantly kept on her table, a few minutes spent in prayer, a fond caress from her father or from Marcelin, a walk in the garden with her workmen or with her poor *protégés*, brought the calm back to her face, and she only retained a gentle melancholy, which made her more lovely still. When the weather allowed us to go out, when a ray of winter, shining through the fog and the clouds, dried the paths and the walks, Marcelin offered one of his arms to Henrietta and the other to me; we took thus walks suited to my strength; and as the cold and fatigue of the last days had caused me a slight relapse after my arrival at Montmeillan, Marcelin used to say, pressing at the same time my arm and that of Henrietta: ‘I am between two invalids.’

‘Although time presses, I cannot withstand, Lionel, the undefinable charm which I find in speaking to you of those peaceful days, that had for me neither eve nor morrow. I could not yet see well enough in my own heart, to discern the nature of the feelings with which Henrietta inspired me. Those feelings were so pure, so deep, there was mingled with them so intense an idea of the immense distance which separated us, that I did not even heed it; I foresaw neither its anguish, its troubles, nor its storms; it only was disclosed to me by a sort of peacefulness, a mysterious aspiration after good. Every morning, as soon as my health permitted it, Marcelin and myself rode out on horseback together, in the environs of Montmeillan, so rich in wild and picturesque beauties. When we came home, we used to find the Count and Henrietta ready to do us the honors of a good breakfast, of which sometimes the curate or some gentleman of the neighbor-

hood also partook. Then Henrietta took possession of us, and we were requested, Marcelin and myself, to communicate to her our ideas for the plan of a pleasure-ground, which was to connect by natural slopes and ornamental plantations, the castle and the other buildings, with the park and the full-grown trees. In those conversations, mingled with charming discussions, Henrietta showed a mixture of intelligence, grace, original and natural poetry, elevated sometimes by a sad gravity, which seemed the limit of her thoughts, sometimes by a sweet liveliness, of which Marcelin followed with pleasure the gradations. About two o'clock she went out with her brother or the old Count, for excursions, of which I knew the purpose, through the indiscretion of Marcelin, but which I was not yet allowed to participate in. She went to the village, in the farms or surrounding hamlets, to ascertain herself the miseries to be alleviated, and to provide herself the means of relief. As she came back from those daily excursions, the countenance of Henrietta shone with heavenly placidity, and in spite of his campaigns and martial habits, I often surprised in the eyes of Marcelin large tears which he could hardly conceal from me.

'The evening was devoted to needle-work and reading, for Henrietta's piano had been mute and closed for six years. It was only then, as you will easily understand, that I really learned to read, to impress my mind with the elevated thoughts and noble sentiments of that grand and vivifying atmosphere, which one inhales with the choicest writers. Saint Augustin, Pascal's '*Pensées*,' 'Bossuet,' 'Joseph de Maistre'; sometimes books of a less austere description, such as 'Madame de Sevigne's Letters,' 'Corinne, Atala,' 'Bené,' 'Eugène de Rothelin,' 'Valérie,' the '*Martyrs*,' the '*Lépreux de la cité d'Aoste*,' such were our usual readings, while Henrietta occupied herself with tapestry work, or the Count played an inoffensive game of piquet with the curate or some country neighbor. Marcelin had first been invested with the office of reader; later, when I became more familiar with those beautiful works, I felt the bold desire to speak that admirable language in Henrietta's presence; then Marcelin gave me the book, and I read in my turn. Oh! with what delight, with what strange feelings of emulation for genius and virtue, I became the interpreter of those wonders of the soul, of imagination, and intellect; now and then fancying, with an enchanting illusion, that my voice, in conveying to Henrietta those noble ideas and elevated style, conveyed also to her something of my own self, and that as she listened to those masters in the art of thinking, feeling, and expressing, it was still myself she was listening to!

'Winter thus went by, and one fine morning as I opened my window, I was quite surprised to see a bright ray of the sun shining

through my curtains, to feel a warm breath of air on my brow, with the perfume of the sweet briars, the lilacs, and the hawthorns. The Alps in the distance, still wore on their summits their mantle of snow; but the mountains and hills which surrounded Montneillan shone out bright and green from their foggy covering, of which the fragments wafted here and there in the valley, becoming absorbed by degrees, in the sky and the sun. The delicate, pale, and grayish verdure of the willows, the poplars and the aspen-trees, made a contrast with the hardy tone of the green trees which almost saddened the landscape, as they were no longer alone to brighten it. The nightingale sang in the groups of honey-suckle, the chattering sparrows flew one after the other through the clumps of hops and clematis; numberless indistinct perfumes, thousands of confused noises grew louder in reanimated nature; it was the beginning of spring, it was the world coming back to life again; I also felt that new life, passing through myself with a terrible and delightful emotion. As I saw all nature reviving around me, and all that but just now appeared to sleep in a clay cold grave becoming arrayed with freshness, beauty, and light, I asked myself for the first time why the heart of man remained foreign to that universal restoration to youth; why love and hope, those flowers of the soul, could not grow over destroyed affections and worn-out recollections, like that everlasting vegetation over the remains of winter's. It was from this period that I date the commencement of my sufferings.

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#### TO WOOD-FLOWERS.

NURSLINGS of June! a merry troop, to cheer  
The woodland solitude, you once more come;  
And yet your beauty is too frail, I fear,  
For his warm kisses not to mar its bloom.

Waving, as if to greet the early sun,  
Your tintured kerchiefs, of his noon-tide ray  
Beware, or ere his evening race be run,  
You will have blown and withered in a day.

The short-lived Summer born to ornament,  
Ye of long-gone but not forgotten hours,  
My thoughts remind, when they were innocent  
And therefore gay like you, young happy flowers.

But deathward still life's ebbing current steers,  
To see each early hope that cheered it wane:  
Of dying smiles the sole bequest is tears,  
And joy remembered ever turns to pain.

GEORGE HILL.

## T H E R E S E .

‘Ho! saddle my steed — ’t is a glorious morn!  
We will have a wild hunt, and the sound of the horn  
Shall wind through the woods with a burst and a swell,  
Till it startles the fawns in the slumbering dell.  
The hind on the mountain, or down in the glade,  
Shall go bounding to-day for a lonelier shade;  
And the grass on the lee, or the moss on the crag,  
Shall be crimson to-night with the blood of a stag.

‘Stand back! let me spring to the back of my steed!  
Now mount, ye who follow: to-day I will lead!  
My neck is my own; but ye knights without wives,  
Take care! do n’t be losing your lady-loves’ lives.  
Let none but bold spirits be found on my track,  
For my path is before, and I never look back.  
Loose the hounds! Sound the horn! We will startle the day!  
Are ye ready, brave knights? Now, Comorin, away!’

Through the greenwood they go at a hurricane rate;  
The red sun is rising — the sun rises late;  
The deer has been started, he breaks for the plain,  
He is leaving the shade of his lordly domain;  
And the hounds follow fast where his hoof spurns the sod,  
As he sweeps o’er the fields, in his might, like a god;  
Over wall, over ditch, over flooded ravine;  
And the baying of dogs leads the band and its queen.

Right well ran the coursers for many a league,  
Till foaming and panting they sank with fatigue:  
And ere day called a truce with the legions of night,  
The hunters were swarming a castle-crowned height.  
But the huntress THERESE, and bold IMOLAN’s heir?  
Not in court nor in hall were the brave and the fair:  
For her steed bore her well; and should IMOLAN cease,  
And turn back from the chase, and the smile of THERESE?

‘I challenge thee, knight, to a trial of speed;  
We have halted awhile, and the chase has a lead  
Which our sport may soon shorten; come, here is my glove!’  
‘By my faith, fairest lady, we run but for love!  
A heart for the winner; the heart, be it thine:  
If I lose, thou shalt keep: if I win, it is mine.’  
‘Well spoken, Sir knight! not a wager, in sooth,  
Yet gain ye yon cliff first, I’ll plight ye my troth.’

Like the plunge of a ship with the storm in her sail,  
The youth sweeps adown through the cliff-footed vale.  
Like a bird playing out on the wing of the wind,  
The maid rideth close, yet her steed is behind.  
But look! no bridge spans that spring-torrent o'er!  
He sees, gathers speed, leaps — and misses the shore!  
While THERESE — she is gone — vanished, laughing, a sprite!  
And brave IMOLAN slept with his fathers that night.

There is a gloom in the castle of IMOLAN's lord;  
His armor is rusted, and sheathed is his sword;  
His horn hangs unsounded, no steed leaves the stall,  
And the hounds slumber long by the ruinous wall.  
And the huntsman turns back when the chase seeks the glen  
Where a sprite wooed the soul from the bravest of men.  
Ye who run neck and neck, love and beauty to please,  
Think of IMOLAN's lord and the huntress THERESE.

*Northern N. Y., June, 1860.*

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#### THE OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, ESQ.

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##### SECOND SERIES.

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THE readers of CLARK'S KNICKERBOCKER may not disremember that some four years ago there disappeared from among the pages of this publication a regular old pro and contributor who developed his endowments, and spread himself miscellaneously and mentallecually on a variety of super and sub-jects, under the name of MACE SLOPER. It is with some considerable confidence, that I, the gentleman in question, guess that we arn't quite forgot, however, even now, since he happens to know from his contributorial experience, that the KNICKERBOCKER-ites are not like other rites, nor their ways the common ways, trodden by the outsiding vulgar. They hold on and they hold fast: they are of the faithful, and they do n't forget.

It is just as true as a good man's word, that the KNICKERBOCKER readers form a peculiar class of cultivated folks quite *suey generous*, as the lawyers say, and constitute a party to which, in MACE SLOPER'S humble opinion, any lady or gentleman may well be proud to belong. They somehow all seem to have their *hearts* in the old patriarch, to read him with as good a will as if they 'd written him, and to take and cotton kindly one unto the other, like folks from the same town in distant lands,

when they discover, on introduction, that both have been readers of IRVING'S favorite magazine. It was only an evening ago that I heard one of the most killing and slaying belles in New-York call it her Paradise and the Peri-odical. She is n't the first, by a directory full, who has spoken in a loving way of the institution. And if I, MACE, after a long absence am rejoiced to find myself back again in the old town, and if I have been finding out every day, of late, staunch and sturdy old KNICKERBOCKER readers, hailing and cheering and welcoming me back again, and laughing over the old stories just as if they were all writ yesterday, why then all I can say is, that I feel a right to blow and blossom a little, as I look round and see the folks after getting back.

No magazine in America has made and trained more literary men than this. For a young man to read the KNICKERBOCKER regularly, is a pretty sure sign of a mind bound to be of the top order and feel itself at home in the most elevated and piercing scream de la scream of society. After a while he acquires from it that ingénial disposition which, if he be a clergyman, is mighty apt to turn him into a bishop, and if a lawyer, to make folks predicate that he'll certainly do for a Judge. Finally, he becomes a moscopolite of the politest sort going, and after playing his part well in the world, and adorning life mentally and ornamentally, he settles down into a married prime, touched off with sparkles of ripe Madeira, and perfumed with rich Havanas. I mean no harm to any other public or republication in the world, but I *do* say that to be one of the regular KNICKERBOCKER readers is to have the tastes and tendencies of a scholar and a gentleman; and that those who are penetrated by its racy, spicy, delicate spirit of jollity, scholarship and kindness, form to a very remarkable degree a literary sort of freemasonry which, like fine cement, binds together the *bricks* of this country. Such people do n't forget in a hurry what pleased them once; why, there's nothing astonishes me so much here in New-York and round, as to find how close up to the mark some folks tell about this or that article which was published years ago in these pages. And finally, hereby Mace Sloper gives his heartiest old-fashioned greeting to any soul now perusing these same identical lines. If you are a *good fellow*, if you are actually one of those brave, big-hearted, warm-minded ones who like nothing better than the indications of the only real feeling which makes life worth living for, why then Mace Sloper holds out his hand to you, be you known or stranger; wishes God may bless you; calls you his friend, no matter where you are or how you are, and so starts off refreshed for a new series, right plucky certain that a grand party of gentlemen and ladies whom any body alive might be proud to colloque with, have the eye well on him.

Bring up the wig-wag! give me the reins; jump in! hey, there! g'lang! We're off!

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WE were sitting one afternoon in our office, my friend Twine and I, burning our tobacco, and saying nothing, in just about even time. It was a warm day, such as makes some people sleepy, some drinky, and some thinky. The flies buzzed around in a bedoozled sort of way as if they were sleeping on the wing, and you could most hear the bulging big old spider snore in the corner, where he had hung in a web hammock all the spring. There's no use a talking; I'm just as sure as a shilling is to be spent, that there are times when every thing, dead and alive, gets into the same sort of collusive way, and if so be *you don't think about it*, puts on a proper and fit fashion to suit you. The old brown glazed spittoon which generally stood in the middle of the room, had crawled away under the little bench and gone to sleep, apparently after turning round and round four or five times till it had sort of rounded itself off into a drowsy tan terrier. The high office-stool was stretching out its legs sideways, to prop itself up and keep from going to sleep standing. Hiram's cane had lain down on the floor and was taking a nap alongside of a pretty little switch some body had left, while on the table my gold pen was dreaming away with its head resting on the bosom of a soft lead-pencil.

The occasional jolting of cars in the streets did n't make the slightest difference nohow, to nobody; the provocalisms of two boys sassing one another outside wer' n't of any consequence, and nothing in general was of much particular account anyhow. The last thing that tried to keep awake was the empty bottle on the table, and that gave it up after a while, for the first time Hiram joggled, it dropped on the floor, fell on its side, and rolling, roll-ing slow-ly away cle-ar over the room, went to dreaming flat on its back — probably of bottle-imps.

All at once I heard Hiram say slowly, in that kind of voice which comes just as easy as thinking, and on the whole rather cheaper:

'There goes old Blob Garden!'

I had seen the fellow-screecher alluded to go past the window up toward the future of Broadway. He was nothing so very super-extraneously particular to admire, neither was he aught to discuss for being un-good looking. He was about so old as to make it safe to say, that when he was a boy the Revolutionary soldiers had n't begun to die much with old age. His clothes were of the be-coming and slow-going sort, just suited to his autumns, and he was well groomed, generally speaking. We shall all look upon his like again the first fine Sunday noon, when the Fifth Avenue churches are uncorked, and the ginger-population of worshippers goes foaming along in glory.



He was short, stout, and in fact what you might call orbicularly arranged all over, like an egg with a head on the butt, but always acted as if he'd discounted off about thirty per cent of his years, and considered his good looks something above market rates.

'From an engineering point of view,' added Hiram, 'I consider Blob Garden as the most insalubrious old gander that ever quocked.'

'Is n't that the poodle,' said I, 'who is always trying to get in among the big dogs? Ladies say of him that he's 'very ambitious.'

'Damnibitious!' replied Hiram, very sourcastically. 'The whole object and end of that old scuffletail's existence is to ring in where he do n't belong. It's on record.'

'The roll is called, and the reporters are waiting,' was my reply. 'Shovel up!'

'When Blob Garden was younger,' said Hiram, 'and had n't come long from his rural excavations, and found himself wearing clothes, something or other put it into his head, that come what might, and explode what may, he'd get into the society of his betters, and proboscillate around such characters as they chronologize among the Personals in the newspapers. The calculation was a very fine one from the north side, but Blob left the whiskey entirely out of the punch by forgetting that the minute a man moves in company to which he is n't equal by education, tastes or interests, just then he does it as a whelp, fool and tuft-hunter.'

'Just so!'

'Blob thought it a very fine and enterprising thing,' continued Hiram, 'to clear out from his like and get among his unlike. *There's* the mistake that *he* made; there's the mistake which nine tenths of the 'ambitious' fools in New-York are making at this instant. They forget that to hold a decent and reputable place among remarkable folks, you yourself must *be* remarkable, and that there's no use of bantams among eagles, even if the eagles *will* stand them. But old Blob, like all his fellow vermen — and verwomen — did n't half-know that there were any *really* great or remarkable folks in existence. He had a kind of vague idea of certain sorts of talent, but he had heard it so ground into his ears like most of us when boys, that people have nothing on earth to do but *push* and *persevere*, (no matter how ignorant, vulgar or stupid they may be,) to rise to the top rung of creation, and had such faith in money, that he hardly realized the false positions he was working up to. He did n't know what rare accidents of cultivation and accomplishment and natural gifts, or of association, learning, travel, integrity and delicacy it takes to make gentlemen, scholars, and statesmen. He had as much of an idea as an eyeless fish has of rainbows what an immense difference there always would be between *his* miserable pushing, brassy soul and theirs.

Blob always worked on the principle that all society was one great humbug; (cheap and nasty satirists are very fond of this notion;) that people humbugged their way into it, and when they got there simply kept a lot of outsiders out, who were as good as themselves, by a great variety of humbubble gammonry. And so the old charlatan went to work.

'Blob was n't particular in his feeding; for his great object was to show off to the giddy and envious world, what a lot of radiant, stupendous, respectable, sacred, sublime, fashionable, glittering, distinguished, famous, wealthy, renowned, honored, popular, imperishable, deathless and immortal folks he was accustomed to swap pasteboard and foolscap with. There was nobody on his ticket except the eminent, prominent, and preëminenticing varieties of all that was great, dignified, proud, noble, worshipful, lordly, grand, stately, august, princely, imposing, transcendent, majestic, and high-flown. And I must say that I used to wonder how some of the people whom he knew ever came to know him.'

'He lied some, I expect.'

'Yes; but he rather spread than lied. For instance, whenever he dared to do it he always called people by their first names, even when they never called him any thing but Garden. When a man does this, set him down for a beastly snob. But behind people's backs old Blob never spoke of a surname. Every body was Dick, Aleck, Tom, Bob, and Charley then. This sometimes got him into scrapes. Once, down at Washington, Blob thought he'd venture on a grand rush. He was escorting a very fashionable lady across the reception-room, when he met old General Deadwood, who has been minister to so many courts.

'Lew,' said Blob, (shaking in his shoes,) 'h-how are you?'

'Sir,' replied old Deadwood, very politely and pleasantly, 'my name is not 'Lew.' But we are quite even,' he added, 'for I do not remember yours.'

'But Blob managed the bluff pretty well after all. He went round and told the story every where, beginning with, 'Did you hear what a first rate sell old Deadwood got off on me at the reception the other day?' and when people asked, 'But *didn't* he know you?' Blob struck out with:

'Know me! Why *intimately*, all to pieces. Got a letter from him here in my pocket. Here it is. The old fellow only wanted to stick me for drinks.'

'You see as soon as Blob got home he'd written a letter to Deadwood, inquiring if it was true, as he had heard, that his library was to be sold soon at auction. If any thing will make a literary gentleman squeal, that will, no matter who pinches, and as Deadwood never dreamed what Blob was after, he *did* answer, short metre.'

‘When I hear such a story as that,’ I put in, ‘what disgusts me is not the mean deviltry of the Blob, so much as remembering the lots of reptiles who would grin on hearing it, and think that on the whole it was a pretty smart trick.’

‘Let ’em squirm,’ said Hiram. ‘It ’ll be long before all this world’s slime ’ll be dried up. By Jove!’ he continued, pitching his cigar-stump viciously at a little bust of Shakspeare, ‘I sometimes think there is n’t any use blowing about any body, or criticising folks. You say *the world* do n’t appreciate manly, generous, truthful people. What ’n thunder is the world? Why, Aztecs, niggers, dead-rabbits, Caffirs, Dutch uncles, gipsies, digger Indians, and millions of Mongolians who have n’t got an item of moral sense, help make it up. And Blob, after all, is a kind of Caffir, half-sly and half-stupid. We’ve all got perhaps a little color-blindness. Dr. Wilson says every one in eighteen has a sure thing of it.’

‘Agreed to.’

‘But by Sinai and cinders! if I thought my eyes had any such toad-eating, Blob color, I’d have them gouged out in the first free fight, and have a couple of small hen’s eggs put in. They’d look better than his do when he can get any body to talking earnestly. He’s always trying to do it, and then when the victim is started off, Blob watches like a cat; watches for some hint of the man’s character to get hold of, for some personal bit of information to be laid by, for some scrap or other to be used as the man talking don’t dream of. Did n’t you ever see niggers, or fourth-rate Jews, or mean Yankees, or sneaky old maids watch open-mouthed to hear every word spoken by their betters, even when they can’t understand one word in twenty? Just so Blob Garden has been listening forty odd years with his green eyes all ago, and his fat shiny lips a-spreading and twitching, all to find out how he can suit himself to the fancies and caprices of decenter people, and if possible, use them.

‘You may bet your deposit at the bank that Blob was stuck sometimes in this mighty great interest of his in every thing every body talked about. Nothing shows a gentleman more than respectful attention, but of all the vampires that were ever vamped, the very vampiress are these everlasting listeners and feelers. Well, there was a certain fast lady rich as bacon, higher up in the family figures than a lightning calculator could cipher in a week, and independent as a rifle-bullet on its travels. Like all good fellows, she had taken a good-natured, easy despire to Blob, and generally knocked him out of the way on short time, with a small electric snub.

But nothing would do for old Meddlesome but he must needs come steering up one evening when Miss Bianca Flamina Chaser was talking literary with two or three hawk-eyed press-men, and without so much

as asking if the game was open, began to lay his pile on her play of enthusiastic criticisings of poetry and things.

I reckon Miss Chaser must have given them a pretty telegrammatical hint all round as old Porpus begun this, for they all started to follow her lead at short notice in the most scambambulous manner. They led off by receiving Blob as if he were the Coming Man, with the keys of Creation in his pocket.

‘Ah! here is a gentleman who will certainly agree with us,’ said the Chaser. Mr. Garden moves in the first literary circles, and has the most cultivated taste. He will agree with us, though the vulgar may not.’

If there was any thing that Blob would n’t have agreed to after such a speech, it must have been tight papers, indeed. But it was n’t *much*, for Bianca Flamina only asked him if he did n’t think that any body must be a wretch, indeed, who had n’t read Thackeray’s comedy of Adam Bede.

Blob at once solemnly averred with his whistly, fat, and shiny lips, that the man who had n’t done it at least twice, must be a degraded Demiroarer savage.

‘Ah! I knew you had read it. Do n’t you think the heroine Lucretia Borgia is sweet? Such piety, innocence, and purity!’

‘Yes, she’s lovely,’ said Blob. ‘She reminded me so much of my little friend the daughter of my friend the Honorable Secretary of — (I’ve got his card in my pocket.)’

‘And her brother, the Regent of France, is such a virtuous old soul,’ put in one of the gentlemen. ‘Is n’t it beautifully described, that scene where, when skeptical doubts assail his mind, he calms them by reading ‘Volney’ and ‘Paul de Kock’?’

‘Very fine, splendid!’ said Blob. ‘Very nearly what my friend Bishop Sleeves said of it yesterday. I’m really quite intimate with him.’

‘But was n’t Rebecca the Jewess a horrid creature,’ continued the Chaser. ‘And is n’t that a fearful scene where she poisons General Washington with muriate of soda?’

‘Ah!’ said Blob, ‘it reminded me of a little anecdote I heard from my friend Lord Morpus; I used to call on him very frequently in Washington.’

‘But is n’t that a fine imbroglio,’ said the second gentleman, ‘where Monte Christo converts Dr. Channing to paleontology at the Synod of Singapore?’

‘It’s grand,’ said Blob. ‘I think my friend Dick Pullhawley of the Senate would like that. Dick’s a distant relation of mine.’

‘But,’ said number three, ‘what a boldly imagined scene is that where Joan of Arc, mounted on a locomotive at full speed, leaps from

the summit of Mont Blanc, and puts an end to the Thirty Years' War by sentencing Anne Laurie to death!'

Blob was used up here; the magnificence of the game began to corrode even his obtuseness, but he murmured out something about the Governor of California sending him some bottles of wine, and they let him down easy. He meandered away, and it might have stopped there. But Blob, though he never read any thing except for show, (sometimes to other people, sometimes to himself,) had an upper tenacious memory, particularly for an useful anecdote. He thought he'd got one in the Dr. Channing item I just told you.

'You know you always have it sure as death and taxes on a Philadelphian with an anecdote of old Dr. Chapman, or on a Bostonian with a reminiscence of Dr. Channing. Well, Blob said nothing till one day he met with a Boston clergyman, Dr. —, as good a man as ever you knew, but as far from any thing like fun as an old tombstone is from the morning paper. It was at a private religious meeting where those who were desirous of instruction on points of doctrine and so on were asking questions and acquiring information. All went on very nicely, till by-and-by Blob's turn came. He took his usual easy attitude, slung his eyes up in his peculiar close-watching style, twitched the fat lips and asked:

'I should like to know in what year it was that Dr. Channing was converted to pullyontology by Monte Christo at the Synod of Singapore?'

There was an awful stare of dreadful bewilderment all round, and the Doctor, who could n't believe his ears, called for a fresh statement. Blob gave it, firmly, mildly and blandly, looking round as he wound off 'Singapore,' as much as to say he'd very much like to see any body who could pick a flaw in *that* indictment. There was one pause, and then the whole meeting — they could n't help it, flesh and blood can't stand some things — went off into a yell of laughter, all except the good Doctor, who stood bolt upright, with tears running down his cheeks, for he verily believed that Blob was insane. As for Blob —

'Yes, I saw he was still on the run when he went by the office.'

'Well, he rather sunk literature and the press after that. The letters which he pulls out now and shows around, are principally from millionaires and politicians. They suit him better, and are considerably more accessible to Blobs than the scribes are.'

'There are a great many Blobs,' said I, 'circulating about, annoying the great, simply that they may be envied by the small. Fact, there are very few men whose ambition is ahead of their knowledge and manners who are not Blobs. I think there must be a heavy proportion of the article among our people who travel in Europe. It's

so easy for a Blob to at least touch against titles and celebrities; so easy to extort a little civility from great people who are willing to stand such black-mail for the sake of getting rid of him; and then the 'adventures' always bear a little 'improving' so well after getting home again — oh! Blob on his travels, is a nice object I *do n't* think! Then you know that the Blob will travel in on his face where a gentleman would n't go on an introduction, hardly, and thinks because he is n't kicked out, he's beloved; and then people wonder when they hear remarks referring to 'vulgar and impudent Americans!'

'I used to know a Blob once, who had just about as much *literature* in him as helped to write his advertisements. Well, he travelled in Europe; and I do verily believe, got introduced to, or visited all the great writers and poets living there. All it needs, after all, is impudence, and *that he had*. A man who do n't care whose time he steals, whom he bothers to help him, whom he pesters, without giving equivalents, can generally succeed — he *only* loses the character of a gentleman, and becomes a social confidence-man, that's all. Well, this whelp saw 'em all; quartered himself in some of their houses as 'an American gentleman who had crossed the ocean to pay his homage at the shrine of Etcetera;' disgusted some, amused some, and, I suppose, fooled some of them. He went over to the continent: did n't know an atom of French; played the same game on authors every where, of impostor, snob, and toady. It used to be his especial delight to get in company with men who were in matters of education and real taste properly qualified to associate with the idols, and go through his list, always asking with special unction, for instance:

'Did you know Carlyle?'

'No.'

'I did. I knew him very well.'

'Then came the reminiscences. My Blob did n't *feel* the immeasurable gulf he was placing all the while between his own vulgar impudence and the spirit of a gentleman. He did n't know that a monkey only makes himself more ridiculous when he puts on a hat. He did n't know that decent people think that unless it's done on terms of perfect equality, association is degradation, and that such degradation, though outsiders think nothing of it, makes a tremendous difference to certain persons who perhaps say nothing at all while they listen. There are a great many people, Hiram, and some would-be decent ones in the number, who do n't *know* these things, and accordingly fall back while they think they're making head-way, like the fellow on the raft.

'How did he regrade?'

'There was a fellow once stepped out of the door of a tavern on the Mississippi, meaning to walk a mile up the shore to the next tavern.



Just at the landing there lay a big raft, one of the regular old-fashioned whalers — a raft a mile long.

‘Well, the fellow heard the landlord say the raft was a mile long, and he said unto himself, ‘I will now go forth and see this great wonder, and let mine eyes behold the timber which the hand of man hath hewn.’ So he got on at the lower end, and began to ambulate over the wood in pretty fair time. But just as *he* got started, the raft started too, and as *he* walked up the river, *it* walked down, both travelling at about the same rate. When he got to the end of the sticks, he found they were pretty near shore, and in sight of a tavern ; so he landed, and walked straight into the bar-room he’d come out of. The general sameness of things took him a little aback, but he looked the landlord steady in the face, and settled it his own way :

‘Publican,’ said he, ‘are you gifted with any twin brother, who keeps a similar-sized tavern, with a duplicate wife, a comporting wood-pile and corresponding circus-bills, a mile off from here ?’

‘The tavern-keeper was fond of fun, and accordingly said that it was just so.

‘And, publican, have you among your dry-goods for the entertainment of manly horse, any whiskey of the same size as that of your brother’s ?’

‘And the tavern-man said, that from the rising of the sun, even unto the going down of the same, he had.

‘They took drinks, when the stranger said : ‘Publican, that twin brother of yours is a mighty fine man — a very fine man, indeed. But do you know I’m afeerd he suffers a good deal with the Chicago diphtheria.’

‘And what’s that ?’ asked the toddy-sticker.

‘It’s when the truth settles so firm in a man that none of it ever comes out. Common doctors, of the catnip sort, call it lyin’. When I left your brother’s confectionery, there was a raft at his door which he swore his life to, was a mile long. Well, publican, I walked that raft from bill to tail, from his door to yourn. Now I know my time, an’ I’m just as good for myself as for a hoss, and better for *that* than any man you ever *did* see. I always walk a mile in exactly twenty minutes on a good road, and I’ll be busted with an overloaded Injun gun if I’ve been more’n ten minutes coming here, stepping over the blamed old logs at that.’

‘That’ll do, Mace,’ said Hiram mildly, as he got up and made ready to move by taking a big roll of bills out of the fire-proof ; ‘that suits the case exactly. Ten and ten is twenty and thirty is fifty — I hope the man who told that story for true — and twenty is seventy — never suffered any with the moral diphtheria or chicagony you mention. Any how, it adds a new wing to Davy Crockett’s saying, (I heard



Crockett once make a first-rate Fourth-of-July speech in Philadelphia.) The tune is, 'Be sure you're right, then go ahead, and see that you do n't fall back while you think you're advancing.' '

## CHAPTER SECOND.

THERE'S no use talking: before I go on any further I must settle up one point for the benefit of those who were so kind as to pursue the devious wanderings of Mace Sloper in the olden time. That point is the widow — the lady to whom I was devoting my in and attentions; in short, the Widow Amelia Twiggles of Cincinnati. It can't be denied that I was frequently made to realize that the widow was considerably more interesting to the KNICKERBOCKER people than any other bird in my little canaviary. Yes, long after this pen, or one like it, had ceased to weave black Valenciennes edgings in rows on those pages, I received more than one note, more than one reproof, the point of which was all in the query: 'What became of the widow?'

That no one may remain in ignorance of the linked destinies of Amelia Twiggles, the Lady of the Beautiful Cousins and of Many Friends, and of her best friend Mace Sloper, dealer in Yonkville stock and general speculator in the city of Manhattan, which is, being interpreted, 'the place where we all got tipsy;' I subjoin certain words in reference to the lady, which indicate that as tipsification is not conducive to oratory, neither is the intoxication of domestic happiness as well fitted to printable and describable dialogue as the more sober colloquies of bachelor and spin-stirring life.

'Well, it's all settled at last.'

'Why — what?'

'Why, the wedding. It was done very quietly, so much so that it's very possible you knew nothing about it, unless indeed you happened to look a fortnight or so ago, previous to date, into the *Times*, *Tribune*, or *Herald*, *Post*, *Journal of C. C.*, *Xpress*, *Home Journal*, or some similar publication. In which case you might have seen the following:

'SLOPER — TWIGGLES.— On Thursday, April 14, by the Reverend CREAM CHEESE, MACE SLOPER, of this city, to MRS. AMELIA TWIGGLES, of Cincinnati.

'Cincinnati, O., papers please copy.'

Well, and if a lady, you would of course next hear every thing about the wedding, which was a very quiet one, though, as we thought, a very neat thing in its way; owing to the endless exertions of Hiram Twine and my particular friends Young Sam and Mrs. Bontard of St. Louis, aided by Hiram's general aid, the Rev. (colored) Mr. Plasgow, who came out in conducting the collation in such a state of stupendous and over-crushing dress and head-waiter-ship as to

quite outshine bridegroom, bride, and his colleague the white clergyman, who officiated in the more serious department.

Gracious goodness! how I tell this story. But it's just as impossible to find a man who can give you a straightforward account of a wedding, as to discover a woman that could n't.

'Now, Mace,' said my bouncing Vermont cousin Kate to me once, after I had got back from a splicing-match, 'sit right down and tell me all about it. Can you describe the bride's dress?'

'Like a book,' said I, with first-class confidence.

'Well,' said Kate, 'how was it?'

'Oh!' said I, 'she had on a *white* dress, and, I think, some kind of fancy arrangement on her head.' And, after all, that was all I knew about it.

Still, I happen to know that in my own instance we were married before a circle of friends and relatives; that we went on a tour to Chippety Whonk, including Boston and Niagara; that we returned to New-York, and that we now occupy a small-sized walnut-finished house, between the twenties and thirties, just far enough from 'the centre of fashion' to be quiet, just near enough to be 'quite respectable.'

'Quite respectable!' Reader, if *you* are not particular as to details, I might say that with those two words, as the world goes, a man when he 'settles down' may be allowed to have wound up all the fuss and foam and fiz-a-ma-jigeries of life, all the toilings and strivings after he do n't know what; all the sins and errors of youth; all the derelictions from church-going; all the iniquities of billiards at two in the morning. 'Quite respectable' rubs them all out!

'Would n't 'quite happy' be better, Mace?' says Somebody behind me — Somebody who has been peeping quietly over my shoulder.

'My dear child,' said I, 'I am so glad to have the kind of coffee I was talking about settled at last, that I do n't care whether you call it respectability, rapture, brown-stone, perfect happiness, or green-cheese. Whatever it is, it is only a way of *living easy*. What is behind it nobody knows, and what it *hides* are just the best and worst things which happen to people in this world. *Happy* people, dear —'

Here I veered around in the chair. I have already begun to deliver regular addresses, and Amelia has begun to listen to them in the most beautifully interested manner. Sometimes the conceitful fancy steals over me that this meek silence is n't always the result of such *very* profound admiration, after all. Well, and what then? Is n't there at least the *trying* to seem interested, the laugh at the right place, and the question put right in pat where I wanted it? And then, is n't there the enthusiastic and affectionate finale of applause?

The lecturer may be very well satisfied with any audience of which it may be said that it *tries* its hardest to please him that you ever heard of.

'Happy people, dear,' said I, 'never succeeded yet in making any body else understand how happy they were, and the sensible ones among them never *do* try to, but are satisfied with settling down, after all their troubles, into something 'quite respectable.' Folks *know* what *that* means, but there are hundreds of thousands to whom you might as well show a white-washed wall as to tell them that you are 'happy.' No, 'Melia my friend, I've thought this over a good deal, and have come to the conclusion that the best thing you can say of people now-a-days is, that they've wound up 'quite respectable.' For it means, for instance, of a man, that he

'Has got a perfect wife.

'That he goes to business regularly, and likes it.

'That he gets his wines of Fred. Cozzens.

'Reads the KNICKERBOCKER.

'Has bronzes in his parlors, and a Malachite card-receiver.'

(N. B.: This was a private domestic hit, I happening to think just then of the tremendous affection with which Amelia cherishes those brown and green articles.)

'Has the walnut *étagère* in the corner,' cried Amelia.

'Well, then, has the walnut *étagère* in the corner, if it must be so,' I added, among a shower of kisses. I must admit that I can't as yet pronounce that word '*étagère*' quite as I ought. But Amelia has been teaching me French, and admits that I *do* get on uncommonly fast.

(By the way, there is reference here to another family affair which requires explanation. Amelia has insisted for a long time on *that étagère*, and I have hung fire. But the way she put in *that* touch won it.)

'Has Beatrice Cenci hung up in the front-chamber.'

'No; has her hung up in the *back*-chamber,' cried Amelia.

'Now, Amelia! you said the front yesterday, anyhow.'

'Now, you're going to be bad. You *know* you said it might be the back-chamber this very morning. *Naughty!*' (Reviving.) 'He *did* say the back-room, did n't he, the *dear!*'

'Well then, the back-room be it.' Another desperate conflict, weapons lips — distance, nothing to speak of.

(This, by the way, was another domestic reference. Amelia goes in for hanging up a favorite picture of ours in our own private apartment where *we* can see it; *I* of course go in for hanging it up in the spare room, where company can see it. But then Amelia says —)

Peace, Mace Sloper! peace with all of this! You need n't flounder

about and strain your small allowance of scribe-talent to prove what you started to say, that the fun and queerity and jollity which go furthest in a *domestic* way *can't* be set forth very easy to the world. There was an Italian, Daniel somebody—I forget his name, but Amelia reads his books, and she tells me that one called Paradise is the poorest of the lot. I can only read the pictures in the work, but I understand *that* idea as well as buying on time. Some things can't be done. 'Stay where you are,' said he.

But Mace is n't dead yet. Have we not Hiram here with us, as a most frequent Sunday diner and evening billiardite? Do n't I have quiet smokes with him at that best of quiet hotel-homes, the Gramercy? Ar' n't the best of good fellows and merry girls and lively wives all alive in New-York?

Reader, go thou and do likewise.

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#### T H R E N O D Y .

Av! wrap the mute mourners  
In trappings of woe,  
And shut the gay sun from the sad, silent room:  
A child of mortality goes to her doom,  
As stainless and pure as the snow.

Ah! lift her up softly,  
And bear her away:  
Lay her where flowers may garland her grave,  
And willows their tremulous pendants may wave  
In the wind of the summer day.

Like a true-hearted soldier,  
Borne down in the fray,  
Wan, wasted, and weary, a gentle young wife  
Is lost from the ranks of the legions of life,  
In the beautiful dawn of her day.

Yes, fold the frail fingers  
Across the white breast:  
The pure eyes are darkened, the pale lips are stilled,  
The soul, with such wealth of warm tenderness filled,  
Floats fast toward the 'Isles of the Blest.'

Then weep not, ye mourners,  
Love wieldeth the rod!  
Look past the dark present, yea stifle all sighs,  
For ye know that a beautiful child of the skies  
Has gone to her guardian—God!

*Saint Louis, May, 1860.*

G. M.

## THE OLD-NEW.

OR ANCIENT HISTORY OF MODERN INVENTIONS.

'THE new is only that which has grown old,' wrote Chaucer in the fourteenth century. A modiste of Maria Antoinette, while reproducing some ancient fashion or other, remarked to her mistress, nearly five centuries later, that there is nothing new that has not been forgotten. M. Edouard Fournier, with the sagacity and enthusiasm of a true Frenchman, has apparently ransacked ancient and modern literature to show how little we have originated, and with all our boasted progress, how much we owe to our ancestors. Of his sprightly book — for with the French it is unpardonable to write a stupid line — we have in part availed ourselves in the preparation of a couple of brief articles on the ancient history of modern inventions.

Had the king of Siam, when informed that water at a certain degree of cold becomes solid, been told that the same fluid when heated generates a marvellous power, the incredulous monarch would have considered the recital stranger than the wildest dream of eastern fiction. Who, indeed, would suspect that a drop of the protean fluid, now lost in the ocean, now glittering in the iceberg or the glacier, now sailing over the earth in the purple clouds, or falling to the earth in the silent dew, contains within itself one of the most subtle forces of nature; a force we may well compare with the magic fan of the eastern monarch, which, when folded, became a lady's toy, but when opened sheltered armies.

That the simple boiling of water does produce a force of some kind, must have been indistinctly observed in the earliest times by people even slightly acquainted with the culinary art. Hero of Alexandria was, however, the first to mention the invisible agent. He applied it merely to the construction of a few toys, one of the many instances in which the playthings of children have been converted into aids and co-workers of men. Thus the follies of one age often become the wisdom of the next, and seeming falsehoods are transformed into vital truths.

So many of the germs of those great inventions that make the glory of our time do we find among the ancients, that we might almost say ours is the age, not of originality, but of the application of old ideas. The first conception of what man is to accomplish in the world may be born with him, but its development cannot greatly anticipate his own maturity. What would the man of primitive epochs, with hands unskilled, and faculties cramped by ignorance and servitude, have done with the things that are the pride and boast

of our civilization? What would he have done with the mariner's compass, the printing-press, and the steam-engine?

Great inventions are made when the world is ready for them. Disraeli maintains that the Romans were acquainted with the art of printing, as were the Chinese centuries ago; but when thought was to be in reality emancipated, the printing-press was ready to give it wings, and scatter ideas broadcast over the world. It is certain that the ancients were acquainted with the composition of gunpowder; but when the feudal times were to cease, Roger Bacon took the invention out of the hands of the children, where it had remained for centuries, and made it the means whereby men could meet in equal combat and break down the brutal *prestige* of the strong. The antipathies of race and the ambitious designs of monarchs were at last to give way to fraternity of the nations; and at the time when men who had been accustomed to see each other through the smoke of battle were being bound together by the interests of commerce and friendship, were developed the wonderful forces of steam and electricity, to whose application there seems hardly a limit.

Nor in this quarrel of the ancients and the moderns must we lose sight of the fact that, after all, it is not individuals who invent, but the human race. In confirmation of this, how few names of great inventors can we recall? How many nameless workers must have added their contributions to the advancement of the race, only those marking an epoch in discovery being remembered. The world progresses slowly step by step, one more transmitting the result of his apparently useless labors to his successors. As the mountain-tops are the first to catch the morning sunlight, so are the favored ones who rise above the mass of mankind the first to gain the great idea and hand it down from century to century. What Stephenson said of the locomotive, may be said of almost any other great invention. 'It is due not to one man, but to a nation of mechanical engineers.' 'Every carpenter who shoves with a fore-plane, borrows,' says Emerson, 'the genius of a forgotten inventor. Life is girt all round with a radius of sciences, the contributions of men who have perished to add their point of light to our sky.'

Hero of Alexandria made balls dance upon a jet of steam, as we often see them dance upon a jet of water. He also caused a small sphere to rotate upon pivots, the germ, in fact, of the rotary engine. It is related of Anthemius of Trolles, the most skilful architect in the reign of Justinian, that he availed himself of the expansive power of steam to dislodge a rich Byzantine overhead, whose nocturnal banquets were a great annoyance to the philosopher. Seneca says that earthquakes are caused by steam. Simulating one of these calamities by means of sacks inflated with steam, and striking forcibly against

the ceiling, Anthemius so frightened his neighbor that the latter rushed precipitately into the street, and repairing to the emperor's palace, inquired if the earthquake had done much harm.

The ancients were also acquainted with the motive power of rarefied air, but the knowledge was monopolized by the priests for the purpose of astonishing the people with miracles. The altar was ingeniously constructed, the water for the libation being confined in a vessel partially filled with air. At the proper moment a fire was kindled upon the altar, without which there could be no miracle, the expansion of the air forced the water through a tube, and the people wondered, mistaking a trick of the priest for an act of the god.

In the sixteenth century Manzoli made steam the basis of his philosophical system, boldly proclaiming that by its agency the earth, the planets and the comets are propelled through space.

The first serious application of steam appears to have been to the organ, in which it was made to supply the place of air, thus furnishing the idea of the modern calliope. The organ itself was invented by Vincent de Beauvois, and so enormous were some of the instruments formerly constructed, that to perform properly upon one described by the Benedictine Walloston, no less than seventy men were required. Leonardo da Vinci following out an idea of Archimedes, invented a steam-gun. From these small beginnings, the application of steam, where force is required, has become almost universal, from propelling a steamer to turning a spit. In 1803 Fulton visited Napoleon at the camp of Boulogne, vainly to interest him in the then infantile application of the agent productive of so much power. The Emperor saw at the first glance that here was an idea capable of changing the face of the globe, but contrary to his usual custom, referred the matter to his ministry and the Royal Academy. Now the steam-power of Great Britain alone equals twice the working power of all living men.

Glass was well known to the ancients, and appears to have been in more general use than during the middle ages. Winckelmann found, from examining the ruins of Pompeii, that the Romans, to a certain extent, employed it for windows. 'He considers himself a poor man,' says Seneca, 'who cannot afford to have the floor of his rooms plated with glass,' a luxury complained of by one of the earlier French poets. M. Fournier maintains that the Romans had mirrors like our own, with which the walls and ceilings of their rooms were ornamented, if not in many cases entirely covered. M. Possiri found in the ruins of a villa one of these glass pavements of the size of the apartment. In the Temple of Hercules, at Tyre, there was a glass column colored in the mass, the parts of which were so firmly joined that the whole looked like a single piece.



From specimens that have been preserved, it would appear that the ancients acquired greater skill in working in glass than we have yet attained. Among the lost arts is that of making glass malleable, discovered, according to Pliny, by an artisan in the time of Tiberius. The emperor however forbade its use, from fear of ruining the workmen in glass already established, an indirect proof of the extent to which the common article was then manufactured. One of the old Arab authors, speaking of the pyramids, says they were erected to preserve during a deluge that had been foretold, the sacred vessels and scientific instruments, and among others, those of 'glass that would bend, and of iron that would not rust.' The ancients made of glass the magic vases named after Tantalus, which, when filled, suddenly emptied themselves by means of a concealed syphon.

Buffon thinks that the Romans made use of the telescope. According to a remark of Sir David Brewster, a crystal lens found in the ruins of Nineveh appears to have belonged to an optical instrument; and we have all heard of the burning-glasses of Archimedes of Syracuse. If the Chinese chronicles are to be believed, the Emperor Chan, 2283 B.C. employed the telescope to observe the planets.

Until the day of Crystal Palaces, 'glass houses' were associated with certain assailable points of character, yet in such the ancient Scots and Picts lived. John Williams, an English engineer, gave in 1778 an account of these remarkable edifices, abundant traces of which he found in the Highlands. In constructing them the vitreable materials appear to have been liquified between temporary earth walls separated from each other by the width of the proposed wall. On cooling, they hardened into a compact, homogeneous mass of a bottle-green color. Ruins of a similar kind have been found near Saval, in France, and M. Jomord would have us believe that the Romans were acquainted with this kind of trabetolion, the materials of which did not greatly differ from their celebrated *lapides fusiles*.

It is singular how many enterprises contemplated or executed in our day date from ancient times. The canal across the Isthmus of Suez was a project of the Pharaohs, first put in execution by the Persians, and then, after various reverses, by the Greeks, the Romans, and the Arabs. The old canal extended from Suez to the Nile. It was not attempted to unite the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf directly, on account of the supposed greater altitude of the latter. A line in Plutarch suggests that vessels might be carried across the Isthmus of Suez on wheels. The opening of the Isthmus of Darien was the dream of the Portuguese in the sixteenth century.

The construction of the Thames tunnel is considered one of the greatest achievements of modern times; yet centuries ago Babylon had its tunnel under the Euphrates, built by Semiramis, and described

by Diodorus of Sicily. The river was turned from its course by means of a canal thirty feet deep, and three hundred stadia in length. Thousands of workmen were employed upon the long arched gallery, fifteen feet in width and twelve feet high, and constructed of large bricks laid in bitumen. The immense work, says Diodorus, was completed in seven days, the queen being impatient to have the Euphrates reënter its former channel in order that she might boast of having conquered it.

Suspension-bridges have been used for centuries in China and Japan. MacAdam was the reinventor, rather than the real inventor of the *MacAdamized* road, the *Ferratum Iter* of the Romans being essentially the same thing. The *odometer*, or road measure, is mentioned as an example of modern ingenuity, but in an inventory of property sold after the death of the Emperor Commodus, made by Julius Capitolinus, are mentioned among other valuables, 'vehicles marking the distances and the heures.'

When we descended the Danube through the Carpathian pass a few years ago, the Austrians, with an enormous expenditure of money and labor, were constructing a road on the left bank of the river, while on the other side, for nearly the whole distance of seventy miles from Belgrade to the Iron Gate, were to be seen the remains of 'Trojan's Way,' dating from 103 A.D., and, without the aid of gunpowder and the skilful appliances of modern engineering, cut in the perpendicular rock, rising hundreds and in some places two or three thousand feet above the river. The rapids of the Iron Gate were avoided by means of a canal, a great desideratum at the present time; and a few miles farther down, Trojan spanned the river with a stone bridge three thousand feet in length, for the passage of the legions into Dacia. It stood, however, but eighteen years, having been destroyed by Hadrian to prevent an irruption of the barbarians.

While speaking of highways, we may say that the wonder with which some of the ancient structures are regarded is somewhat diminished by the fact that the materials of which they were constructed were near at hand. Thus the immense blocks of stone in the wall of the Temple at Jerusalem were quarried beneath the city. The mountains adjacent to Baalbeck furnished excellent building-material, and the pyramids of Ghizeh were built of stone from the mountains on the opposite side of the Nile, or if obtained farther up the river, floated down to their base on rafts. While at Athens, we visited Mount Pentelicus, whence came the marble for the splendid edifices crowning the Acropolis. The road from the grotto-like quarry leads directly down the steep side of the mountain, from the foot of which, and extending some distance over the plain, two grooves closely resembling a railroad track, were cut or worn in the solid rock. It is

impossible to say what kind of power was used upon this novel road, the tracks between the grooves not being worn by the feet of horses or of men.

The Romans brought from Egypt the obelisk that still adorns the imperial city, erected no one knows when, but having looked down upon successive decays of empire on the banks of the Nile and the Tiber. In 1776 a simple Italian maçon safely moved to a considerable distance the campanile of a chapel one hundred and twenty feet in height.

As to vehicles for travelling, Paris as early as 1662 had its omnibuses, first suggested by Pascal, author of the 'Provincial Letters.' The enterprise had the prestige of a royal charter, and met with great success, but afterward failed, to be revived in the present century. The celebrated Restaurant omnibus first came in use at Rouen in consequence of the suppression of the inns, the women having bitterly complained that their husbands spent in them both their time and their money. Wines and refreshments had then to be sold from wagons in the street. More recently a further application of the idea was attempted at Paris, whereby a person could partake of his meals while being carried from one quarter of the city to another.

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#### THE WIFE'S LAMENT.

FARTHER than the eagle's flight,  
Farther than a mortal's sight,  
Farther than the stars of night,

Has thy spirit flown :  
As the rose its fragrance shed,  
As the vine, its rootlets dead,  
As the heart when hope is fled,  
I am left alone !

When thou from the earth wast torn,  
When thou to the grave wast borne,  
When here I was left to mourn,

None watched thy dying-bed ;  
No loving hand thy pillow pressed,  
No wife's hot tears bedewed thy breast,  
None told thee of eternal rest —  
None knew thy spirit fled !

And now, tossed by the tempest wild,  
I'd sink to rest like weary child,  
Nor wake till in those regions mild,  
Where I shall be with thee !

Here on thy new-made grave I weep,  
O'er thy cold clay sad vigils keep ;  
Oh ! when shall I thus fall asleep,  
And ever be with thee !

J. R. G.

## L I N E S : U N S A T I S F I E D .

HAGGARD and wan, a lone old man  
Traversed a sea-beat shore ;  
Dark and heavy the starless night  
Gathered the waters o'er,  
And the waves rolled in their measured swells,  
With a dull and sullen roar.

The wind blew fresh from off the sea,  
And fluttered his hair, a-bleach ;  
But the old man heeded nor night nor wind,  
Nor the waves that lapped the beach ;  
But gazing out on the wild, dark sea,  
He muttered in woeful speech :

‘ And this is the end of human life,  
Of life that is all deceiving ;  
Flush as a god in promises,  
But poor as death in giving !  
Alas ! alas for the life of man !  
It is not worth the living.

‘ I ’ve followed its every winding path,  
And paused at every stage ;  
And this is the wisdom I ’ve sadly gleaned :  
That from infancy to age,  
It is all a lie, and a cheat, and a strife,  
That fools alone should wage !

‘ First, when flushed with the pride of youth,  
And foolish, as youth is wont,  
I followed in PLEASURE’S dazzling train,  
And drank from her rosy fount :  
But the draught was nauseous ; and sick at heart,  
I ran from the giddy mount.

‘ Then LOVE flashed out like a nymph divine,  
Before my wondering eyes,  
And lured me on with a syren song,  
To a promised Paradise :  
But the flowers were scentless, and covered thorns,  
And the fruits were golden lies.

‘ Then I said, ‘ I will be a fool no more,  
To drink Life’s mingled gall ;  
I ’ll gather WEALTH, and a thousand slaves  
Shall answer to my call :

But of all the fools in the universe,  
Or be they great or small,  
The man who weds his heart to gold,  
Is the greatest fool of all.

‘Restless still, and unsatisfied,  
I heard the voice of FAME,  
And on through many a thorny maze  
I followed her rainbow flame :  
And the end of all is a weary soul,  
And an empty-sounding name.’

The winds blew fresher from off the sea,  
And louder of surf the roar,  
And the night grew black — but the lorn old man  
Still traversed the wild beach o’er,  
Gazing wistfully out to sea,  
And muttering evermore :  
‘A weary, dreary waste behind,  
And beyond — no other shore !’

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P É P E .

‘RUE Fauchette, Numero 17,’ were the words scrawled in half-printed, half-written letters, upon the ‘order’ slate hanging at my door.

I was a young man, not yet of age, and had gone from New-York to France, and its capital, that I might complete my medical education by an attendance at the lectures given in one of the oldest and most celebrated colleges of medicine in the city of Paris. My pecuniary means for the accomplishment of this object, were very limited. It was more to increase my skill in surgery, than to obtain compensation for my professional exertions, that, by the display of my little sign, I endeavored to attain my purpose by thus soliciting practice in the Faubourg St. Antoine, in the neighborhood of which I resided.

The Rue Fauchette was nearly a mile distant from my lodging, and was a disagreeable and dangerous locality. In the day-time, one would see there but little activity : there were visible a few men in blouses, with short pipes in their mouths, and they sunned their bodies on long dirty benches. Ever and anon, old women, wearing pattens, would clatter out upon the pavement, look vindictively up and down the streets, regard the sun, if it was visible, with an eye half-closed, in a most knowing manner ; after which actions they would retire to the

dismal rooms from which they had emerged : in truth, it was just such a place as one would not like to frequent, if he had any regard for safety of life or limb. At night there were continual horrors to appal the eye and ear ; from eleven o'clock until three in the morning, the street was alive, and paraded by parties composed of various numbers, from two to a dozen, of the inhabitants : and as they passed out of the darkness into the dim, uncertain light of the lamps pendent from the ropes stretched across the street over-head, the observer might well be excused, if he listened anxiously for the famous and terrible cry of '*à la lanterne !*' that had so often rung out upon the air, as some poor wretch was dragged to execution, through the mire, by the revolutionary denizens of this infamous street.

The inhabitants of this Rue Fauchette, so insignificant in size, greatly populated the Seine with bodies of men and women who had met their deaths by violence : the police always knew its victims when seen in the Morgue ; and one of the peculiarities of their style of assassination was the use of the cord, that left upon the neck of the deceased an extraordinary necklace — a small blue circlet, terminating in a large, discolored blur just under the right ear. To such a place, so full of dreadful associations, was I summoned.

It was six o'clock in the afternoon of a June day upon which I read the notice : it would be dark before I could return ; nevertheless, putting away from me all foolish anticipations of bodily harm, I made such preparations as seemed necessary, and departed.

The concierge of Numero 17 was not certain whether I was the gentleman sent for : he knew a physician had been required ; if I was the person, the sick man was up-stairs in number forty-five, just beneath the roof. '*Mais Monsieur, gardez la tête :*' after which warning the concierge shrugged his broad shoulders, jerked at his grizzly moustache, and went into his lodge.

Without knocking at the door of the room designated by my informant, I entered it unannounced. Nothing was visible therein, except an old dilapidated chair and a longitudinal pine box, whose dimensions were about as follows,  $10+5+4$  ; which box was perforated with holes at the side and top. No man, sick or well, was present, unless in the box ; which was so unlikely a receptacle for one sick, that after another careful scrutiny of the premises, I went out, satisfied that I had been misinformed as to the number of the room in which was my patient ; but at the head of the stairs there encountered me a little old woman with a sharp nose, curved like an eagle's beak, with piercing black eyes, and moustached like a grimalkin.

'Entres, Monsieur,' and she pointed to the room from which I had come.

'There is no one there, Madam : I have just left it.'

‘But I tell you there is; and I know.’

I followed her into the room, and could not refrain from admiring the vivacity and nervous activity of the little body, who exhibited in every action a vehemence of energy that was charming.

‘Pépe! Pépe!’ she cried, ‘the Doctor is come.’ Pépe did not reply. ‘He is in his den: he is always there — the dog. Pépe, I say, the Doctor is come, and so am I, my dear Pépe;’ and as she uttered these last words she struck the top of the box a hard, resonant blow, which was immediately followed within by a muffled noise, very much like the stifled growl of a caged tiger. A small door in the front of the box flew open; a pair of burning eyes — eyes of intense brilliancy of gleam, fixed in a face horribly attenuated, the skin hanging in folds from the large jaws and high cheek-bones — presented itself at the opening, and glared threateningly upon us.

‘You she-devil,’ he whined, ‘you make as much noise as though it were the judgment-day. I tell you, my good Bruelle, that if you make so much clatter I’ll come out and shake you, you little woman.’

Then he laughed so loud and bitterly and with much energy, as if it pleased him, that the woman clutched my arm in so powerful a grasp that it made me writhe with pain.

‘Mon Dieu! Monsieur, I assure you he has no legs. Shake me, eh?’ It was her turn to laugh.

‘Enough of that filing,’ said Pépe, with his face once more at the opening. ‘You can go out of the room, my fine Bruelle; but mind you do n’t stop by the door to listen. Now, Doctor,’ he remarked, when the clattering shoes of the old woman had so far descended the stairs as to be no longer heard, ‘how do you like me, and this beautiful house of mine? Is n’t it a magnificent residence, much superior to the Tuileries? I have lived here ten years: twenty, if counted by the anxiety of months and days and hours. Ten years in this miserable box and ragged room, without once getting out of doors.’

‘Why have you remained?’

‘Why? Put your hand in here. Do n’t be fastidious about the matter: to the left, if you please. Are not those fine legs? Oh! you do n’t find any, eh? Waking in the night, I have been more disappointed than you are now. But what matters it? Ten years will accustom one to any thing. Do you think I’m sick and have sent for you to cure me?’

‘No!’

‘Well, then I am. I would kill you, if I could get out, for supposing that I would send for a doctor, if I did not need him. I am sick — sick of imprisonment in this Bastile of a box, sick of every thing except life. She thinks I’m going to die, my beautiful Bruelle: that is why she sent for you when I told her that I was dying, but only to leave this cursed place. Feel of that arm.’



Pépe thrust through the aperture an elastic, jelly-like something, in order that I might examine it: but if there were any bones in the member of his body thus exhibited, they had become so softened by constant inactivity and long imprisonment, that the arm could be bent above and below the elbow joint almost as readily as one can double an India-rubber shoe. The muscles, however, seemed to have been lately developed to unusual perfection by the practice of gymnastics; nevertheless, it did not appear to me as if they would be of any use or reliability in the requirements of any extraordinary emergency.

‘Superb arm, is it not? No extra flesh to mar the beauty of its superior elegance? *aux armes citoyens!* but the cry is no more. But to my affairs. You will betray me to the woman? No? *Bien.* I am here: you are there; save me.’

‘But there is nothing dishonorable in ——’

‘I assure you there is not. With you, honorable principles and sentiments, make the man. Excellent! but one is sometimes unfortunate and does not possess them; and then we have quack philosophers. Will you see if that woman listens at the door?’

As I opened the door, Bruelle, who was there, sidled away from it, after the manner of a snake, until out of the range of the eyes of the occupant, when she beckoned to me with her long, bony fore-finger.

‘*Gardes bien la tête,*’ she said, patting my hand softly with her own, and looking into my eyes with an inquiring, penetrating gaze, which I returned as steadily as if we were lovers, and had no other occupation. ‘*Gardes bien la tête, mon enfant,* I say to you.’ With the utterance of these words, she gave my hand a stinging blow, and whisked herself down the stairs, two steps at a time, with marvellous alacrity.

I was still standing in the passage, thinking about the words, now addressed to me for a second time, when Pépe’s voice, tremulous and piercing in its tones, interrupted my reverie.

‘And are you there again, my good Bruelle? Go quickly away, or I’ll come out and choke you. Are you not to return, Doctor?’

‘I am here, Pépe, and of course you are there.’ His face was not at the little door.

‘Am I not, Sir? Well, as I was saying ——’

‘Yes, as you were saying.’

‘*Mille tonnerres!* can’t you let me finish my words without pushing in your English manners? I want to get free from this dog-kennel, this parrot’s cage, this dungeon on the fifth floor. Will you assist me?’

‘Shall I lift the top of the box and get you out?’

At this question Pépe laughed long and loudly.

‘Alas! no; for on the inside the box is upholstered with iron. Did

you think they would put Pépe alive into a wooden coffin, when they had such tender hearts as to let him live? You do n't know, of course you do n't. You are a fool. They cut off my legs, so that I might not run away, and put me into a box, that I might not crawl to the window and fall out. How they love me! A very pleasant idea when one can think of nothing else. But let us commence to labor. Take these jewels: they are worth a hundred such bodies as mine, although I used to greatly admire it, before the misfortune.'

Pépe thrust a small package, about as large as an egg, through the little door, and dropped it into my hand. Being received in a very careless manner, it slipped from my grasp, fell upon the floor and burst its cerements of dirty rags and decayed paper.

By the lapidary and the jeweller, precious stones are considered only in reference to their market value, which embraces their many essential qualities of superiority. But to the needy man — the man who becomes ecstatic in their presence, and covetous of their wild, fascinating brilliancy when placed before his eyes, there are no confines to the extent of his admiration of gems. In his unaccustomed presence, they are even changing to new and more attractive colors — making royalty, without their exhibition, a mere dull, common-place affair, and transforming the lowliest hovel into a palatial chamber, by the sparkling of their prisms: satiation can never be the consequence of their possession, even if we gaze at their splendors, every day, for a life-time.

Pépe had said that the package contained jewels: and upon its breakage, five of them fell upon the floor; three of the five were diamonds, of which the largest was nearly the size of a pea, and it was of a shape, so perfect and regular, that it was evident that it had been manipulated by a skilful artisan; then there was a ruby, with its many unsurpassable beauties, proclaiming its superior qualities and perfection as a sapphire. An inch apart from these brilliants, reposed an emerald of fine color and vivid lustre. Here was a combination of glories, lying placidly upon the dark discolored boards, and by their beauties and sparkles of living light, investing the furniture of the room with additional attractions; it was astonishing to experience the effects of their allurements in that miserable, darkening room.

The gems had fallen into one little heap, with the exception of the emerald, which I placed with the rest; sitting in the chair, and thinking rapidly, as men have to think when placed in extraordinary positions, it seemed, as though in that congregation of priceless treasures, there was insensibly kindling a flame, which if waited and watched for, would burn with a strange, terrible light, becoming stronger, of a more blinding brilliancy as night approached, and threw out its vanguard of trembling dark shadows, culminating in absolute

darkness. Resting my face in my hands, I looked at them as if they could never allay the burning, intense desire for possessing them that occupied my soul.

Upon what human forms, made more glorious by their presence, had they been displayed? Delicate fingers of lovely women, moulded into a beauty knowing no detraction, had played with and pledged love to man, while the lustrous light of the diamond had flashed forth its sympathy from its many facets, and been transferred to betoken the harmony of spirit existing between two loving human beings. It might be that tokens of affection to the sincere and the erring lay silently in that little heap whose tremulous light was even now filling the room with a splendor that forced the rough box, with its horrible inmate, into insignificance, and by the metamorphosing power of the imagination, created in their stead a gorgeously-furnished room, with blazing chandeliers, beneath which beauty, adorned with these and kindred jewels, promenaded and kept time to the music by the tumultuous throbbings of their joyful hearts. Who was this man that had hoarded them, undiscovered, in his paltry jail, for ten long years, and now thrust them into the light to coruscate, and flash out their secret glories, only the more intensely, by reason of their long captivity? Was he a —

‘Doctor, does not my Bruelle appear at the door? Put them away; hide them. Did you never see a diamond before, that you stand there gazing at them, as if my life and every moment thereof were not worth a hundred such gew-gaws! Rather help me out of this place before that fiend of a woman returns. Rescue me, I say! don’t sit upon your chair dallying with a few miserable stones plucked from — well, from the neck of a proud and haughty queen!’

‘But the cover —’

‘Who mentioned any cover? I am not a lobster, to be taken from the pot. Here! Take hold of my hands. Now pull! pull! I tell you. *Parbleu!* but you do n’t know how to work. Once more, and exert yourself!’

The little door through which he expected to emerge was about fourteen inches square. I had no more hope of assisting his escape through such an opening, than if it had been but half the size. Nevertheless, at his last words I put forth all my strength; he groaned once or twice, struggled fiercely, and with much effort was free.

I laid him gently on the floor, and overcome by the pitiable spectacle he presented, I walked to the window and raised the sash; the cool evening breeze, fresh and invigorating, blew into the room, dispersing much of the gloom that had centred there since my entrance. The twilight was deepening, yet objects were sufficiently distinct in their outlines to be readily recognized. With all my courage, I did

not dare to turn and look at the panting, sentient piece of humanity, lying quietly upon the floor. The more I thought about the affair, the more did my frenzy increase ; until, terrified beyond all expression, by the repetition of the self-propounded question, 'What shall I do with him, now that he is free ?' and by the presence of that formless being, I averted my eyes, and crossed the room with the intention of leaving it and the house. But I could not go out without one more glance at the object that so powerfully influenced my course of action. As Pépe had stated, his lower extremities had been amputated. A long confinement had so emaciated the rest of his body, that naught but skin and bones remained. The scene could not have been more appalling, if a mutilated statue, in itself a carved terror, fallen from its high position upon the entablature of a column of some half-buried city of ancient Egypt, were to be suddenly endowed with life ; and as the pulses throbbed, and the breast heaved, and the stony eyes shot forth glances of hate, it should speak its curse upon its creator : even with such horrors, the scene could not have equalled the one I now witnessed.

I turned to leave. Striking his hand heavily upon the floor, Pépe spoke :

'Do you leave me, half-triumphing ? What a brave you are, to be frightened by half a man. But I forget : you are English.' He laughed sarcastically.

In that shadowy room ; in that terrible presence ; with a thousand terrors lurking in every nook and cranny of that desolate chamber, this voice, speaking its gibes and sarcasms without fear of rough response, shamed my courage, lashed cowardice into a rage, and forced me to remain.

'Come to me, Doctor, for I cannot go to you, neither can I injure you. It is more dangerous to leave me here than in the box.'

Well ! a little more work : a little more tension of the muscles, and my object is accomplished.

'Is there not a house, distant about five feet, directly opposite to that window, and with the eaves on a level with the sill of this casement ?'

'Yes.'

'The attic story of that building is unoccupied. So much have I learned from Madame Bruelle. Take me in your arms to the window and cast me upon the roof of that building : do it : there is but little danger. I can grasp the eaves and raise myself over, should you not throw me upon the roof. For a year I have practised in the box, that I might be prepared for this emergency. I insist upon it. If I fall safely upon the roof, do you go up to the attic, under the pretext of wishing to rent it, and remove me from all difficulty, in the best way

you can. It does not matter if I miss the eaves, it will be a quick death. I am ready.'

'The jewels, which he had placed in his mouth were now consigned to my care. Mounting the box, and obtaining a secure hold upon him, after one or two swings I hurled him from me; he alighted upon the roof with a dull, heavy sound, and, apparently unhurt, drew himself toward the sky-light, where he lay down and beckoned to me with his hand to descend and carry out the proposed plan. Having closed the door in the box, and glanced at Pépe, still in a recumbent position, I left the room, and had descended the stairs to the first landing, when suddenly Madame Bruelle came up behind and touched me upon the arm.

'Monsieur cannot go until he takes an oath not to reveal what he has seen and heard since he came.'

'Cannot is a powerful word, Madame!'

'Yes!' Stamping her foot upon the floor, with a 'hist' as an accompaniment, a door just at the top of the stairs opened, and three armed men, villainous-looking creatures, intercepted my passage. After much conversation, in which my life was threatened if I did not yield compliance with her command, I took the oath, and was allowed to depart. This, you will please remember, was an occurrence of half a century ago. The concierge looked at me with a distrustful glance; but instead of addressing me, he patted his head significantly; then dropped his hands to his moustache, and gave it several energetic twists downwards.

Notwithstanding that the lateness of the hour was somewhat unfavorable to the business of renting a room, it was propitious in enabling me to obtain permission to visit the desired apartment unattended. Without difficulty, Pépe was rescued from the roof, and safely conveyed out of the house.

'Carry me to Number 50,' he said. 'Its concierge was once my friend. Keep those jewels until I reclaim them, which if I do not do, they are yours.'

I carried him in my arms, with my cloak thrown over him for concealment. Keeping in the darkness as much as possible, in order to avoid the obtrusive scrutiny of those persons wandering about the street, who would not have hesitated to penetrate the secrecy of my object, I managed to arrive at Number 50 without encountering but one inquiry; in which instance the interrogator, a woman, insisted upon being informed as to what were the contents of my bundle. Taking her hand, I pressed it heavily upon Pépe.

'*Ma foi!* a baby, eh? We want none of them in the Rue Fauchette. Poor little rat! I pity him for his bad luck in being born.

Good evening.' She walked away apparently satisfied with my candor as expressed in my answer to her question.

'And is it Pépe! Pépe, my old comrade who saved my life by taking the thrust of a knife intended for me, his old friend? I believed him dead. Poor Pépe! I love thee yet, though thy legs have failed thee, my friend.'

It was the concierge of Number 50 who spoke in this manner, as I transferred my burden to his custody, and explained the commission I had executed.

'I will hide him safely,' he went on to say, talking to Pépe and myself. 'It is fourteen years since I have seen him, Sir. He was strong and active then: and now — well! we can study for a revenge.'

Pépe was profuse in his expressions of thankfulness: Monsieur le concierge was hurried and excited in all he said and did: when we parted, they both grasped my hand with great cordiality of expression and vigor of tenure.

For two days I awaited, in an agony of apprehension, the demand for the jewels; and every knock at my door was construed into a forewarning that my treasures and I must part. A love, an insane eagerness to be their possessor, had usurped my delicate sensitiveness as to right and wrong, and irresistibly fastened upon me a covetousness impossible to be repulsed by moral forces. As my conscience became blunted to the delicacy of honorable aspirations, my mind, hourly degenerating, considered nothing but the riches I might gain by their disposal; which accomplished, I could betake myself to other lands, and revel for a lifetime in the proceeds of their sale. But conscience was not dead; only numbed by my disregard of its holier counsels; and the warning thought, 'Think of their owner's helplessness,' was a strong barrier to the tendency of my grosser nature, and always restored the placidity of my temper, and made me ashamed that I could so nearly succumb to so grievous a temptation.

For hours, I have sat feasting my eyes upon these wonderful gems, as in the strong light of a mid-day sun, they reposed upon my table; have watched their sparkles as they came quivering forth to greet my lustful sight, with all the enthusiasm of which my nature was susceptible; and have noted new splendors at each successive observation. Upon one of these occasions the allurements which had been so often successfully combated, seized upon me with redoubled force; the desire for exclusive possession became a thousand-fold stronger than ever before; my whole body thrilled with an ecstasy of passion, that transcended all that I had hitherto encountered, and nearly succeeded in beating down the barriers which fortified honor and self-respect. To save myself from dishonor, I locked the jewels in my trunk and fled



from the room, cursing the delay of Pépe in not demanding of me their possession ; it being, at that time, four days since I left him.

It was an hour of the day when all fashionable Paris was taking its airing upon the Boulevards ; but the promenades were so crowded, and the air so corrupted in purity by the stifling perfumes used by the ladies and the fops, that rather than endure the torture they inflicted upon my system, I turned off into a quiet by-street ; from that into another, and then into another, until unexpectedly, the Seine rolled its waters before my eyes : to the Morgue was an easy transition.

There is a fascination investing the Morgue that I have vainly endeavored to resist by a studied resolve never to enter therein ; but my resolution has been broken upon the most frivolous pretexts so many times that I dare not compute them. At the dead-house you will find representatives of all the social castes of the city. Many are attracted there by a desire to witness the startling phases of a sudden death. A mother seeks her daughter ; a sweetheart her lover ; a father his son. Scurrility and obscene remarks are made upon occasions when reverential thoughts should be the utterance of the heart. Here children learn their first lessons in the school of inhumanity, and retire from their tasks with as much joy as if they had participated at a wedding-feast. Many gaze through the glass partition in anxious solicitude ; they are there, waiting and watching in that inexpressible terror that precedes the recognition of a dear one dead by violence.

As I walked through the building, passing little groups of people gathered here and there before the inclined plane on which was stretched the body of some person just recognized, I had, before I intended, arrived at the last body. One glance at it confounded me. I stood, as if a statue, and half-doubtingly gazed at the recumbent form. I could not be mistaken in the identity. Pépe lay upon the wet marble in all his augmented ghastliness of a death by violence. Truly it was a startling revelation. Had I not left him safe in the custody of his friend ? How he entered the Morgue was not the question ; for he had been plucked from the river. How he got into the river was quite a different affair.

A blue mark passing around the neck and ending in a large blotch, of which I have spoken as being the peculiar manifesto of the handiwork of the assassins of La Rue Fauchette, told a very concise story. Any one moderately versed in the knowledge of the distinctive marks of the disciples of modern Thuggism could have truthfully testified as to the means that brought to the Morgue a man unable to walk.

From the Morgue I went to Number 50 of the street above mentioned. The concierge was seated at the door of his lodge smoking



a pipe, but took no further notice of my presence than by moving to the end of the bench and motioning for me to be seated. I asked him three times if he knew where Pépe was, before he answered.

‘During my absence, came a woman and carried him away; a woman with whiskers; a cat, *parbleu!* Madame Bruelle, she called herself, and I know her well for a fiend. How should I know where he has gone? In order to give you his letter I was absent: I came back, not finding you, and he has disappeared.’

‘He is dead!’

‘Yes? I thought she would kill him. Where is he?’

‘At the Morgue.’

A long silence followed; during which my companion smoked furiously, and beat the *reveille* with his fingers upon the bench. Finally I asked him the question that had greatly perplexed me ever since the night of Pépe’s rescue:

‘My friend, who was Pépe?’

‘Pépe? I forget; you did not know him. As we say in French: *vous avez gardé bien la tête, Monsieur.* He was, well, he was the last of the Guillotinists: he was celebrated in his profession. For example, he beheaded Charlotte Corday; an honor to which, I assure you, he did not aspire. Then the Queen was sent to him and he did admirably. Poor women! he was forced to murder them or lose his own head. ’T would make you sad to see the beautiful auburn hair he has so often stroked, and to see the beautiful faces looking to death as a friend.

‘He was the neatest worker of his profession. You must imagine his love for ‘La Sieur Guillotine;’ he would pat it and fondle it as if it were his wife. He would sleep by it long nights that he might watch its shadow in the moonlight, to see how stately and grand it appeared; and would wish it were of silver, the moon gave it such an elegant appearance.

‘Poor Pépe! There comes a new *régime*, and he suffers. Pépe’s comrades are jealous of him, and are no longer brothers in a common cause. One beautiful night they seize him as he sleeps beside his pet; the knife descends, and Pépe has no legs. It was not their desire to kill him immediately, so he is imprisoned in a box for ten years. Madame Bruelle faithfully guards him, and you make him free. Pépe told me the story. Madame Bruelle can hate; so can her confreres. In their solicitude his enemies make diligent search, and find him here. Then comes the cord, the Seine, and the Morgue where you discover his body. That is all, but it is sufficient, is it not?’

‘But the letter he gave you for me?’

‘Here it is, Monsieur.’

I opened it: shall I say reverentially, in view of its author’s sufferings? Pépe had given me the priceless, much-coveted gems.

## 'HE STILLETH THE STORM.'

MARK IV. 37.

BY G. W. THOMPSON.

OF the FATHER and the SON,  
Sing the glory and the praise :  
How His power to eyes of men  
HE made plain in ancient days,  
In Judea's holy land, long ago ;  
When at eve HE left the land,  
With His little trusting band,  
And behind, the shining strand  
Faded, low.

Then the rude and howling winds  
Came from out the darkening west,  
And the sea, it moaned and heaved  
Angrily its troubled breast,  
While with blackness grew terrible the skies :  
Now the shaking ship sinks low  
In the sea's tumultuous flow,  
Now, as lightnings fiercer glow,  
Swift she flies.

Now, with ravening, greedy haste,  
See the wicked waters crowd,  
As the hurricane more fierce  
Swells its voices wild and loud ;  
In the bosom of the ship beats the wave ;  
Here, the dark and angry sky,  
Here, the wild waves foaming by,  
And deep before each quailing eye,  
Yawns the grave.

Oh ! where the SAVIOUR now,  
When their need is at the most ;  
Oh ! where the hand to save  
His companions, sore distressed ?  
How calmly he is sleeping all the while ;  
Slumbers soft beguile the night,  
Gentle visions, heavenly bright,  
Now his godlike features light  
With a smile.

Eager crowd the frightened crew  
Round their still unconscious LORD,  
And they wake HIM from HIS sleep  
With soft touch and breathless word :  
'That we perish, O our MASTER! car'st THOU not ?'  
Then HE wakes to hear the wail,  
And to see the shattered sail,  
And the lightning's flashing pale,  
Round the spot.

Up rose the SAVIOUR then,  
Gazing out upon the wave ;  
In HIS face the fearing men  
Read HIS power divine to save,  
And that peace, instead of death, is HIS will ;  
Now HE lifts HIS holy eyes  
To the black and threatening skies,  
And the words, commanding, rise,  
'Peace, be still !'

At the word, the wailing winds  
Cease their fury : and the sky  
Rolls away its cloudy front,  
Like a scroll, before HIS eye,  
And the troubled breast of ocean calm became ;  
Then HE said : ' Am I not here ?  
Knew ye not the SAVIOUR near ?  
Have ye faith ? believe and fear  
The Holy Name.'

Then the sailors feared the more  
As they saw the word obeyed ;  
And they trembled and believed  
As among themselves they said :  
'Not of mortals, but of Heaven, must HE be ;  
At HIS word, there cometh peace,  
At HIS word, the thunders cease,  
At HIS word, the winds decrease,  
Calm the sea.'

Of the FATHER and the SON  
Sing the glory and the praise :  
How HIS power to eyes of men,  
HE made plain in ancient days,  
In Judea's holy land, long ago ;  
When, with peace-bestowing hand,  
JESUS stilled the tempests grand,  
And HIS glory all the land  
Made to know.

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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REMINISCENCES OF SAMUEL LATHAM MITCHILL, M.D., LL.D. By JOHN W. FRANCIS, M.D., etc. Enlarged from VALENTINE'S City Manual. Pamphlet Form: pp. 31. New-York: MILLER, MATHEWS AND CLASBACK, corner of Broadway and Eighth-street.

As it is a favorite 'specialty' of this Magazine to record and illustrate the local glory of our KNICKERBOCKER metropolis, we should reproach ourselves with neglect of duty, as well as of pleasure, in not before giving our tribute of praise and sympathy to the author of this valuable and charming memoir of one of the worthiest and cleverest of New-York philosophers, had this 'labor of love' not escaped our notice, from the fact that it was in part originally published among the miscellanies of VALENTINE'S City Manual; and being thus sandwiched between official lists, statistics, and other curious lore, failed to win the immediate and careful attention it deserves. Now, however, the family and friends of Dr. MITCHILL having required a separate edition, one of the limited number of pamphlet copies has fallen into our hands and awakened all that latent interest in what concerns the social honor of our beloved metropolis, which has grown with every succeeding year since that magic advertisement in the *Evening Post* announced that an eccentric old gentleman had disappeared from the City Hotel, leaving behind him manuscripts which were afterward published by the landlord to pay his board-bill, and entitled 'KNICKERBOCKER'S History of New-York.'

While on this subject, we cannot forbear a suggestion irresistibly pressed upon our notice by the perusal of the pamphlet in question: it is this: Why cannot the author gather up into a permanent shape, revise, enlarge, and make complete the local and personal reminiscences of which this memoir of MITCHILL forms but a single chapter? He has written for different occasions his vivid and interesting recollections of CHRISTOPHER COLLES, of DUNLAP, GEO. FREDERIC COOKE, MATHEWS, KEAN, COL. TRUMBULL, JOHN PINTARD, MORRIS, CLINTON, FULTON, WEBSTER, COOPER, IRVING, and others; but these *memorabilia*, although constantly quoted, are scattered through numerous magazines, reports, journals, etc. There is, for instance, a concise biography of Dr. HOSACK in the last volume of APPLETONS' Cyclopaedia; there is an account of the early editors and printers of New-York, in one of the Reports of the Typographical Society; and a curious description of an interview with the widow of ROBERT BURNS, in a

volume lately put forth by a Club in this city, founded to do honor to the Scottish bard's memory ; many others occur to us from the same prolific pen ; but we believe there has been no attempt to collect and arrange the abundant and unique *Reminiscences of Dr. Francis*, except in the popular volume entitled '*Old New-York*,' which is an enlarged edition of the Doctor's discourse before the New-York Historical Society. This book would form a good basis for the complete work we suggest : its preparation would be a congenial task for the leisure intervals which Dr. FRANCIS' long and laborious professional career eminently entitle him to enjoy ; and its publication would be most acceptable to every native and long-resident of this city, whose endeared land-marks are so rapidly disappearing, and whose illustrious children of the past generation would be only vaguely remembered, but for the kindly zeal and wonderful memory of such affectionate reminiscents as Dr. FRANCIS. In Boston the apt and indefatigable pens of the venerable JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM and LUCIUS M. SARGENT have garnered up the most precious and curious memories of men and things coincident with their own youth, in the Puritan metropolis ; and in Philadelphia a massive octavo has lately appeared, in which the lives of eminent Philadelphians are given, with portraits ; the work having been published by subscription and eagerly adopted as a local chronicle in the dwellings of the citizens. Why should not such a work be devoted to the Past of New-York ?—when there is yet living among us one not only able and willing to talk of, and write about, the famous citizens and places of old New-York, but who has actually chronicled them in a fragmentary shape ? We advise our leading publishers to consider the enterprise we propose ; it is sure to be successful and satisfactory : meantime, let us turn to the work whose title stands at the head of this notice.

We have long been accustomed to the name of Dr. MITCHILL ; we have seen quotations from him in scientific books, and heard anecdotes about him from venerable citizens ; but we had no idea how much he accomplished, and what an original, gifted, benign character he was, until we read Dr. FRANCIS' account of him. We thank the Doctor heartily for reviving such kindly lineaments ; for making us acquainted with such a brave votary of knowledge ; for exhibiting to our consciousness so generous a heart and so genial a companion. After describing his family and early education, Dr. FRANCIS gives an outline of his scientific career, by which it appears that scarcely any phase of natural history failed to win his investigation : his correspondence, observations, and experiments were incessant, and many of their results important, and his social relations were of the highest kind. The remarkable versatility of his talents and his tastes may be gathered from the following passage of condensed description :

'THERE was a rare union in Dr. MITCHILL of a mind of vast and multifarious knowledge and of poetic imagery. Even in his 'Epistles to his Lady Love,' the excellent lady who became his endeared wife, he gave utterance of his emotions in tuneful numbers, and likened his condition unto that of the dove, with trepidation, seeking safety in the ark. He was tinctured with the ROSA MATILDA style, and adored DARWIN. The epistle to that philosopher, by Dr. SMITH, was blended with the intellectual elaborations of Dr. MITCHILL, and demonstrates, like his versification of the piscatory eclogues of SANNAZARIUS, how deeply devoted he was to the simple and the effective. Dr. MITCHILL's translations of our Indian War Songs gave him increased celebrity ; and I believe he was admitted, for this generous service, an associate of their tribes. The Mohawks had received him

into their fraternity at the time when he was with the commission at the treaty of Fort Stanwix.

'I was repeatedly curious enough to interrogate him as to the question what agency he had had in the modification of the New-England Primer, and whether, at his suggestion, the old poetry, 'Whales in the sea God's voice obey,' had been transformed into the equally sonorous lines 'By WASHINGTON, great deeds were done.' In one of my morning visits to him, at his residence in White-street, about the time that JEFFREY, the celebrated Edinburgh critic, had called upon him, to take the dimensions of a universal philosopher, the learned Doctor was engaged in writing a series of minor poems for the nursery; for his nursery literature, like his knowledge of botanical writers, had scarcely any limitation. 'You are acquainted,' says he, 'with the nursery rhymes commencing 'Four-and-twenty blackbirds?' They abound with errors,' added he, 'and the infantile mind is led astray by the acquisition of such verses. I have thus altered them this morning: 'When the pie was open, the birds they were songless; was not that a pretty dish to set before the Congress?' I thus correct,' added the Doctor, 'the error that might be imbibed in infancy of the musical functions of cooked birds; and while I discard the King of Great Britain, with whom we have nothing to do, I give them some knowledge of our general government, by specifying our Congress.' These trifles show how intense was his Americanism. When he declared, in his ingenious effusion on 'Freedom and Fredonia,'

'NOT PLATO in his Phædon,  
Excels the Chief of Fredon,'

his democracy and his admiration of the philosopher JEFFERSON, then President, was complete.

'Ancient and modern languages were unlocked to him, and a wide range of physical science the pabulum of his intellectual repast. An essay on composts, a tractate on the deaf and dumb, verses to septon, or to the Indian tribes, might be eliminated from his mental alembic within the compass of a few hours. He was now engaged with the anatomy of the egg, and now deciphering a Babylonian brick; now involved in the nature of meteoric stones; now in the different species of brassica; now in the evaporation of fresh water; now in that of salt; now scrutinizing the geology of Niagara; now anatomizing the tortoise; now offering suggestions to GARNET, of New-Jersey, the correspondent of MARK AKENSIDE, on the angle of the wind-mill; and now concurring with MICHAUX on the beauty of the black walnut as ornamental for parlor furniture; now, with his conchological friend, AKERLY, in the investigation of bivalves; and now with the learned Jewish Rabbi, GERSHOM SEIXAS, in exegetical disquisitions on KENNICOTT's Hebrew Bible. Now he might be waited upon by the indigent philosopher, CHRISTOPHER COLLES, to countenance his measures for the introduction of the Bronx river into the city; and now a committee of soap-boilers might seek after him, to defend the innoxious influence of their vocation in a crowded population. For his services in this cause of the chandlers, Chancellor LIVINGSTON assured him, doubtless facetiously, by letter, that he deserved a monument of hard soap; while MITCHELL, in return, complimented LIVINGSTON, for his introduction of the merino sheep, as chief of the Argonauts. In the morning he might be found composing songs for the nursery; at noon dietetically experimenting and writing on fishes, or unfolding to admiration a new theory on terrene formations; and at evening addressing his fair readers on the healthy influence of the alkalies and the depurating virtues of white-washing.

'At his country retreat, at Plandome, he might find full employment in translating, for his mental diversion, LANCIST, on the fens and marshes of Rome, or in rendering into English poetry the piscatory eclogues of SANNAZARIUS. One day, in workman-like dress, he might have been engaged, with his friend, ELIHU H. SMITH, on the natural history of the American elk, or perplexed as to the alimentary nature of tadpoles, on which, according to NOAH WEBSTER, the people of Vermont almost fattened, during a season of scarcity; another, attired in the costume of a native of the Feejee Islands, (for presents were sent him from all quarters of the globe,) he was better accounted for illustration, and for the reception, at his house, of a meeting of his philosophical acquaintances; while again, in the scholastic robes of a LL.D., he would grace the exercises of a college commencement.'

Of his humor and sensitiveness, the biographer has recorded some curious anecdotes. The following alludes to a famous series of *jeux d'esprit* now, we understand, about to be collected, annotated, and published:

'By many, Dr. MITCHELL was considered of a passive nature, and indifferent to the sports of wits and humorists; but few men felt more severely the force of ridicule. He rarely retorted on his enemies, yet among the doctors often quoted in illustration, 'Garth's Dispensary,' and suffered the stings of satire long and deeply. A peculiar combination of circumstances afforded me a striking opportunity in confirmation of this view of his character. He had met the medical faculty of the college for the examination of

students; while thus engaged with the Board of Professors, a copy of one of the famous poems of CROAKER and COMPANY was brought in by some stranger, and delivered to the Doctor. It was the well-remembered lines to 'PHLOGOBOMBOS.' The writer had ascertained the whereabouts of Dr. MITCHILL, and had sent in the paper, wet from the press, at that responsible moment. The Doctor, glancing at it, looked all colors, and might have been hardly more wrought upon had an arrow pierced his intercostals. Nor was this effect of brief duration. His feelings suffered annoyance for a long period. The amiable and winning JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE had been recently created a physician, and notwithstanding his benevolent impulses, had awakened his muse to this literary exercise; to himself, doubtless, a pleasurable excitement, but which proved to the venerable Doctor, the immediate subject of Dr. DRAKE's genius, a wound long corrosive. At this very period of his life DRAKE was wasting by pulmonary irritation; his sensitive appearance, his attenuated frame and pallor betokened a brief existence. A few evenings after the publication of the satire, he presided over a select medical association, of which he was a member. It was the last time I saw him. HALLECK has done undying justice to his memory; and the American critic, TUCKERMAN, has pronounced the 'Culprit Fay' a genuine poem, as 'it takes us completely away from the dull level of ordinary associations.' The child of impulse, DRAKE occasionally demonstrated the doctrine that an excess of the saccharine sometimes degenerates into the acid.

Dr. FRANCIS' description of the personal appearance of his eminent subject, although embraced in a few words, has the distinctness and vraisemblance of a painting:

'In the prime of his manhood Dr. MITCHILL was about five feet ten inches in height, of a comely, rather slender and erect form; in after life he grew more muscular and corpulent, and lost somewhat of that activity which characterized his earlier days. He possessed an intelligent expression of countenance, an aquiline nose, a gray eye, and full features. His dress, at the period he entered into public life, was after the fashion of the day, the costume of the times of the Napoleonic consulate; blue coat, buff-colored vest, smalls, and shoes with buckles. He was less attentive to style of dress in his maturer years, and abandoned powder and his cue. From a hemorrhagic tendency of his chest at the age of seventeen years, he adopted exercise on horse-back, and was fortunate enough to avert the progress of pulmonary evils. His personality, however, varied in advanced life with the cogitations of his graver years, and he might at times be seen without hat or over-coat, exposed to the vicissitudes of inclement weather. His robustness preserved his full features, and to the last not a wrinkle ever marked his face, nor did lapse of years modify his thirst for knowledge, or his cordial and prompt and sprightly utterance; thus setting at naught the declaration of the poet:

'Old age doth give by too long space,  
Our souls as many wrinkles as our face.'

We should be glad to quote the striking estimate of Dr. MITCHILL's moral and religious character, with which the pamphlet before us concludes, but our present available space will not permit. It may not be generally known, that over all that was mortal of the eminent *savant* and philosopher, a beautiful monument has been erected in Greenwood Cemetery, by his still-surviving widow.

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'THE THREE CLERKS:' a New Novel by ANTHONY TROLLOPE. In one Volume: pp. 498. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE 'Three Clerks' in this story are English Government-clerks — three very different characters; which gives occasion for some very fine discriminating painting on the part of the author. We did not know that any one named TROLLOPE could write so 'good.' 'It is a book with a purpose, and a good purpose. It is remarkable for the strict accuracy of its characterisation, and its simplicity of style. The reader is carried along so quietly on the calm surface of the tale, that it is only inductively, as it were, that he is aware of the author's power.'



ISAAC T. HOPPER: A TRUE LIFE. By L. MARIA CHILD. In one Volume: pp. 493.  
 Boston: JOHN P. JEWETT AND COMPANY.

How many times have we seen this old 'Quaker-Cock,' fresh as the morning, crossing the Park, in his cocked-hat, plain coat, knee-breeches, whitest stockings, and old-fashioned, bright-buckled shoes: in his face, size, and figure so much resembling the 'Little Captain,' the puissant NAPOLEON the First! And here PAGE and his engraver have represented him to the very life — one of the most 'biting' likenesses we ever saw. We never exchanged a word with the cunning old colored subterranean rail-road superintendent in our life; but he must have 'conversed' like a book. The work before us consists largely of the adventures of other people, the narratives of which fell from his lips in familiar conversation with his friends: but, passing the narratives and anecdotes of fugitive slaves, here is one which will interest all readers; and shows 'Friend HOPPER' not to have been very much afraid of 'big peoples,' if they *did* happen to be noblemen, ('*noble-men!*') and to come 'from the other side, ye kno.' The story is entitled '*The Umbrella Girl*,' and is strictly authentic:

'A YOUNG girl, the only daughter of a poor widow, removed from the country to Philadelphia to earn her living by covering umbrellas. She was very handsome; with glossy black hair, large beaming eyes, and 'lips like wet coral.' She was just at that susceptible age when youth is ripening into womanhood, when the soul begins to be pervaded by 'that restless principle, which impels poor humans to seek perfection in union.'

'At a hotel near the store for which she worked, an English traveller, called LORD HENRY STUART, had taken lodgings. He was a strikingly handsome man, and of princely carriage. As this distinguished stranger passed to and from his hotel, he encountered the umbrella girl, and was attracted by her uncommon beauty. He easily traced her to the store, where he soon after went to purchase an umbrella. This was followed up by presents of flowers, chats by the way-side, and invitations to walk or ride; all of which were gratefully accepted by the unsuspecting rustic; for she was as ignorant of the dangers of a city as were the squirrels of her native fields. He was merely playing a game for temporary excitement. She, with a head full of romance, and a heart melting under the influence of love, was unconsciously endangering the happiness of her whole life.

'LORD HENRY invited her to visit the public gardens on the Fourth of July. In the simplicity of her heart, she believed all his flattering professions, and considered herself his bride elect; she therefore accepted the invitation with innocent frankness. But she had no dress fit to appear in on such a public occasion, with a gentleman of high rank, whom she verily supposed to be her destined husband. While these thoughts revolved in her mind, her eye was unfortunately attracted by a beautiful piece of silk, belonging to her employer. Could she not take it, without being seen, and pay for it secretly when she had earned money enough? The temptation conquered her in a moment of weakness. She concealed the silk, and conveyed it to her lodgings. It was the first thing she had ever stolen, and her remorse was painful. She would have carried it back, but she dreaded discovery. She was not sure that her repentance would be met in a spirit of forgiveness.

'On the eventful Fourth of July, she came out in her new dress. LORD HENRY complimented her upon her elegant appearance, but she was not happy. On their way to the gardens, he talked to her in a manner which she did not comprehend. Perceiving this, he spoke more explicitly. The guileless young creature stopped, looked in his face with mournful reproach, and burst into tears. The nobleman took her hand kindly, and said: 'My dear, are you an innocent girl?'

'I am, I am,' she replied, with convulsive sobs. 'Oh! what have I ever done, or said, that you should ask me such a question?'

'The evident sincerity of her words stirred the deep fountains of his better nature. 'If you are innocent,' said he, 'God forbid that I should make you otherwise. But you accepted my invitations and presents so readily, that I supposed you understood me.'

'What *could* I understand,' said she, 'except that you intended to make me your wife?'

'Though reared amid the proudest distinctions of rank, he felt no inclination to smile. He blushed and was silent. The heartless conventionalities of the world stood rebuked

in the presence of affectionate simplicity. He conveyed her to her humble home, and bade her farewell, with a thankful consciousness that he had done no irretrievable injury to her future prospects. The remembrance of her would soon be to him as the recollection of last year's butterflies. With her, the wound was deep. In the solitude of her chamber she wept in bitterness of heart over her ruined air-castles. And that dress, which she had stolen to make an appearance befitting his bride! Oh! what if she should be discovered? And would not the heart of her poor widowed mother break, if she should ever know that her child was a thief?

'Alas! her wretched forebodings proved too true. The silk was traced to her; she was arrested on her way to the store and dragged to prison. There she refused all nourishment, and wept incessantly. On the fourth day, the keeper called upon ISAAC T. HOPPER, and informed him that there was a young girl in prison, who appeared to be utterly friendless, and determined to die by starvation. The kind-hearted Friend immediately went to her assistance. He found her lying on the floor of her cell, with her face buried in her hands, sobbing as if her heart would break. He tried to comfort her, but could obtain no answer.

'Leave us alone,' said he to the keeper. 'Perhaps she will speak to me, if there is no one to hear.' When they were alone together, he put back the hair from her temples, laid his hand kindly on her beautiful head, and said in soothing tones: 'My child, consider me as thy father. Tell me all thou hast done. If thou hast taken this silk, let me know all about it. I will do for thee as I would for my own daughter; and I doubt not that I can help thee out of this difficulty.'

'After a long time spent in affectionate entreaty, she leaned her young head on his friendly shoulder, and sobbed out: 'Oh! I wish I was dead. What will my poor mother say when she knows of my disgrace?'

'Perhaps we can manage that she never shall know it,' replied he. Alluring her by this hope, he gradually obtained from her the whole story of her acquaintance with the nobleman. He bade her be comforted, and take nourishment; for he would see that the silk was paid for, and the prosecution withdrawn.

'He went immediately to her employer, and told him the story. 'This is her first offence,' said he. 'The girl is young, and she is the only child of a poor widow. Give her a chance to retrieve this one false step, and she may be restored to society, a useful and honored woman. I will see that thou art paid for the silk.' The man readily agreed to withdraw the prosecution, and said he would have dealt otherwise by the girl, if he had known all the circumstances. 'Thou shouldst have inquired into the merits of the case,' replied Friend Hopper. 'By this kind of thoughtlessness many a young creature is driven into the downward path, who might easily have been saved.'

The kind-hearted man next proceeded to the hotel, and with Quaker simplicity of speech, inquired for HENRY STUART. The servant said his lordship had not yet risen. 'Tell him my business is of importance,' said Friend Hopper. The servant soon returned and conducted him to the chamber. The nobleman appeared surprised that a stranger, in the plain Quaker costume, should thus intrude upon his luxurious privacy. When he heard his errand, he blushed deeply, and frankly admitted the truth of the girl's statement. His benevolent visitor took the opportunity to 'bear a testimony' against the selfishness and sin of profligacy. He did it in such a kind and fatherly manner, that the young man's heart was touched. He excused himself, by saying that he would not have tampered with the girl, if he had known her to be virtuous. 'I have done many wrong things,' said he, 'but, thank God, no betrayal of confiding innocence weighs on my conscience. I have always esteemed it the basest act of which man is capable.' The imprisonment of the poor girl, and the forlorn situation in which she had been found, distressed him greatly. When Friend Hopper represented that the silk had been stolen for *his* sake, that the girl had thereby lost profitable employment, and was obliged to return to her distant home, to avoid the danger of exposure, he took out a fifty-dollar note, and offered it to pay her expenses.

'Nay,' said ISAAC. 'Thou art a very rich man, I presume. I see in thy hand a large roll of such notes. She is the daughter of a poor widow, and thou hast been the means of doing her great injury. Give me another.'

Lord HENRY handed him another fifty-dollar note, and smiled as he said: 'You understand your business well. But you have acted nobly, and I reverence you for it. If you ever visit England, come to see me. I will give you a cordial welcome, and treat you like a nobleman.'

'Farewell, friend,' replied the Quaker. 'Though much to blame in this affair, thou too hast behaved nobly. Mayst thou be blessed in domestic life, and trifle no more with the feelings of poor girls; not even with those whom others have betrayed and deserted.'

'When the girl was arrested, she had sufficient presence of mind to assume a false name, and by that means her true name had been kept out of the newspapers. 'I did this,' said she, 'for my poor mother's sake.' With the money given by Lord STUART, the silk was paid for, and she was sent home to her mother well provided with clothing. Her name and place of residence forever remained a secret in the breast of her benefactor.

'Years after these events transpired, a lady called at Friend HOPPER's house, and asked to see him. When he entered the room, he found a handsomely-dressed young matron, with a blooming boy of five or six years old. She rose quickly to meet him, and her voice choked as she said: 'Friend HOPPER, do you know me?' He replied that he did not. She fixed her tearful eyes earnestly upon him, and said: 'You once helped me when in great distress.' But the good missionary of humanity had helped too many in distress, to be able to recollect her without more precise information. With a tremulous voice she bade her son go into the next room for a few minutes; then dropping on her knees, she hid her face in his lap, and sobbed out: 'I am the girl who stole the silk. Oh! where should I now be, if it had not been for you!'

'When her emotion was somewhat calmed, she told him that she had married a highly respectable man, a senator of his native State. Being on a visit in Friend HOPPER's vicinity, she had again and again passed his dwelling, looking wistfully at the windows to catch a sight of him; but when she attempted to enter, her courage failed.

'But I must return home to-morrow,' said she, 'and I could not go away without once more seeing and thanking him who saved me from ruin.' She recalled her little boy, and said to him: 'Look at that gentleman, and remember him well; for he was the best friend your mother ever had.' With an earnest invitation to visit her happy home, and a fervent 'God bless you!' she bade her benefactor farewell.

The biographical incidents, personal narratives, and amusing anecdotes, are numerous and various: but the foregoing short and well-told story is all for which we can find present space.

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THE PLANTATION: A SOUTHERN QUARTERLY JOURNAL. Edited by J. A. TURNER, of Georgia. Number One: pp. 221. New-York: PUDNEY AND RUSSELL. Eatonton, Georgia: J. A. TURNER. New-York: ROSS AND TOUSEY, General Agents.

THIS publication, aside from its *specialité*, which will be to set forth the political and social opinions and domestic relations of the great and important region which it represents, will not alone consist of reviews, but will contain beside, articles suited to every class of readers. 'Whatever can amuse, interest, or instruct,' it is promised, 'shall find a place in its pages.' This is a good programme, and if the editor faithfully carries it out, he will certainly make an attractive journal. We have been compelled to chronicle the death, after lingering through a sickly existence for the lack of deserved patronage, of several worthy Southern publications: we hope this new candidate for public favor may be spared such a fate. There are papers political and papers biographical in the number before us; but the articles which pleased us most, were the two severally entitled '*Cotton on the Plantation*,' and '*The Old Farm-House of my Uncle Simon, or The Goosequill Essays*.' The first is a minute, and to an uninstructed reader, an exceedingly interesting description of the production of cotton upon a Southern plantation: 'all about it,' in fact, from the time the seed is first put in the ground, until it is sent off to market. It is so familiarly and pleasantly written, that you cannot choose but follow the planter, as he breaks up his land in the winter with his long-nosed 'scooters'; plants the seeds in the spring-time, through the aid of his sable 'openers,' 'coverers,' and 'droppers'; 'chopping out,' when the delicate plants have arisen above the ground; then 'bringing down to a stand'; awaiting the 'sore shin,' on the stalks, in 'hoeing out'; and 'staking' a field, when it is 'grassy.' And here we cite a passage, involving a

bit of negro melody, which has become an 'institution' in the land: 'The great horror of the negroes through the summer is the fear of having their cotton 'staked.' It is frequently the case, that when there is a great deal of grass in a cotton-field, some one will set up a pole in the field, and place on the top of it a newspaper, or large bunch of grass—sometimes both. It is immaterial what is put on the pole, just so it is something sufficient to call the attention of passers-by to the fact that here is a very grassy field. It is generally managed so that he who sets up the pole and mounts the flag, is unknown. There must be some mystery about the affair, or it loses half its effect. All this is called 'staking the cotton.' Negroes dread it, and will work hard to prevent it. When 'in the grass,' they will hoe 'with a rush.' And here the writer 'rushes in,' and gives us '*Hoe de Cotton, Boys*':

'De sun am sinkin' 'hind de trees,  
 Whose shadows come dis way,  
 While ebenin' bring his coolin' breeze,  
 An' de buzzard flyin' 'way.  
 In yonder swamp, behin' de hill,  
 De night-bird wid his song,  
 Am singin', singin' whip-poor-will,  
 An' he'll sing it all night long.  
 Den hoe de cotton, hoe de cotton,  
 Hoe de cotton, boys;  
 Ole masser listenin' on de hill,  
 An' he lub to hear dis noise.

'De hoe, boys, clatter on de rocks,  
 De possum comin' out,  
 De pecker-wood hab quit his knocks,  
 An' de rabbit runnin' 'bout.  
 Bring up your row dar, lazy Jim,  
 An', Sam, you men' your gait;  
 Let's close our task, an' sing dis hymn,  
 For de ebenin' growin' late.  
 Den hoe de cotton, hoe de cotton,  
 Hoe de cotton, boys;  
 Ole masser listenin' on de hill,  
 An' he lub to hear dis noise.'

Then we have a description of 'laying by' the cotton, or its final working; of the 'ginning' of the same, and of 'the machine;' then of the 'lint-room;' and finally, of the 'pressing' and 'bagging,' and sending to market: altogether, as we have said, an excellent and instructive article.

IRVING'S 'Bracebridge Hall,' the writer admits, suggested to him '*The Goose-quill Essays*,' which although unequally, are very agreeably written. The sketch of 'Uncle SIMON,' his modes of thinking, and his way of 'doing things,' is especially characteristic of a 'fine old Southern gentleman.' We cite a single passage from '*Spring at the South*,' which will serve to show that writer is a careful observer, and wields a faithful pen:

'ALREADY in the month of March, we are in the midst of spring. While the inhabitants of the North are shivering in the wintry blast, we, of a more Southern clime, are inhaling the balmy breeze, laden with the sweets of the peach and plum blooms. Now the honey-suckle holds its pink cups to the evening dews, and now the sweet-shrub and the spice-wood yield their luxurious odors to the willing nostril that drinks in their sweet perfumes. All nature smiles in loveliness. The rose, the queen of flowers, already sits upon her throne of crimson velvet, and with her bosom spangling with diamonds from the mine of the dew-drop, waves her imperial sceptre over the more humble flowers that

blush in modesty at her feet. The scarlet flower of the maple bedecks the neighboring swamp, mingling with the white of the gallant dog-wood; and the grey squirrel leaves his wintry retreat and gambols with his willing neighbor in the gay sun-shine of the genial season. The voice of the turtle is again heard in the land, and a thousand little birds, with their gay plumage, chirp and sing a welcome to spring. High over all sits the red-bird, as he chants his simple lay, and we hear the brown thrush, and the harsh note of the cat-bird. But now a death-like silence reigns among the feathery choir, and suddenly, in rich, round, mellifluous, varied notes, the mocking-bird pours out his delicious song. It is as if there burst from the very gate of heaven a diapason from the angelic host.

The young and tender lambs sport and frisk beside their dams in the grateful rays of a mild and gentle sun. The colt gambols by the side of its maternal guardian, and the pigs lie basking in a huddle by the side of the wall. The sharp, shrill whistle of the quail is heard in the distant meadow, and the young hare scampers away in affright, as you wander along the hedge, or disturb his sports in the open field. The goslings swim in the pond, and the matronly hen scratches up seeds for her young chickens, or gathers them under her wings, as the mischief-loving jay imitates the scream of the hawk, and, for his own amusement, pounces down upon the helpless brood, and chuckles to see them scamper to their mother's wings when there is no danger, and the only cause of their fright is nothing but a jay.

'*The Plantation*' is well printed, upon good firm, white paper; and really has a look of confidence, and prospective thrift; which, considering its literary precedents, it is pleasant to behold.

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LIFE IN THE DESERT: OR RECOLLECTIONS OF TRAVEL IN ASIA AND AFRICA. By Colonel L. DU COURCEL, Ex-Lieutenant of the Emirs of Mecca, Yémen and Persia: Delegate of the French Government to Central Africa, Etc. Translated from the French. In one Volume: pp. 505. New-York: MASON BROTHERS.

THIS volume is a translation of one published at Paris last summer, under the title of '*Les Mysteres du Désert*'; a title to which exception was taken by some of the French reviewers, on the ground of its not being suggestive of the character of the work. As this objection appeared to the translator to be well founded, he has taken the liberty of introducing the English version by the title of '*Life in the Desert*,' which is sufficiently descriptive of the general aim and revelations of the narrative. Few other deviations have been made by the translator from the author's intentions. The spirit of the work is well preserved, and the form of the original; while the whole is printed in readable English. Premising that this volume, in interest, much of it of the intensest kind, is as 'full as an egg;' that its adventures and incidents, however startling, leave no impression upon the mind of the reader that they are not real; that the style is easy, natural, and spirited: premising all this, we may say of the author, that early in life an 'irresistible spell' impelled him to the East; that after arriving at Cairo, he was appointed by the illustrious MOHAMMED ALI to a military command, under which he performed services of great importance to the State. His thirst for adventure led him into Central Africa, where he discovered the race of men with tails! He then returned to Egypt, rested from his labors for a brief space, and then became a Mohammedan, penetrated to Mecca, as a Hadji, or 'Pilgrim,' to whom it was vouchsafed to 'touch the black stone of the Kâaba. He subsequently followed up his destiny in a series of wild adventures through

the countries bordering upon the Persian Gulf, penetrated to Mesopotamia, and visited Bagdad. After other adventures, he returned to France, where he prepared, revised, and published the very entertaining book which we cordially commend to our readers.

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A HISTORY OF NEW-YORK: FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE WORLD TO THE END OF THE DUTCH DYNASTY. In one Volume: 'National Edition' of the Works of WASHINGTON IRVING. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM, Number 115 Nassau-street.

WE suspect that it may be generally known, that this work contains, among many other surprising and curious matters, the unutterable ponderings of WALTER the Doubter; the disastrous projects of WILLIAM the Testy; and the chivalric achievements of PETER the Headstrong: the three Dutch Governors of New-Amsterdam: 'being the only Authentic History of the Times that hath ever been published.' We doubt whether it be necessary to say *much* about IRVING's '*Knickerbocker's History of New-York*.' Sir WALTER SCOTT once wrote a memorable letter to the late lamented HENRY BREVOORT, the life-long loved friend of IRVING, touching the intense delight which the work afforded to himself and his wife, who sat up until two o'clock in the morning, laughing over its perusal. That letter, through the kindness of our esteemed friend and correspondent, the recipient of the same, was published in these pages, from the renowned writer's own manuscript. Yet, familiar as the work is to every admirer of WASHINGTON IRVING's earliest writings, we have again read it through, from the beginning to the end; to that beautiful conclusion of which we once heard the author say, that when he wrote it, he had in his mind the sort of personal picture which it would make: 'Already has withering Age showered his sterile snows upon my brow: in a little while, and this genial warmth, which still lingers around my heart, and throbs — worthy reader — throbs kindly toward thyself, will be stilled forever. Haply, this frail compound of dust, which while alive may have given birth to naught but unprofitable weeds, may form an humble sod of the valley, from whence may spring many a sweet wild-flower, to adorn my beloved island of Mannahata!'

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NATURAL HISTORY FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES. By WORTHINGTON HOOKER, M.D. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE author has aimed, in this book, to give a brief and comprehensive view of the Science of Zoölogy, or so much of it, to use his own words, 'as every one ought to know.' It contains very condensed statements of the appearance, class, and most prominent habits of several hundred reptiles, fishes, birds, and beasts. Though so condensed, the style is easy and pleasant; and the profuse illustrations, neatness of the typography, and carefully-prepared questions at the end of each chapter, make the work both attractive and useful.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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EDITORIAL HISTORICAL NARRATIVE OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE: NUMBER SIXTEEN. — It is not new to most of our readers that Professor HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, now so well known the world over, as one of the most distinguished of our American poets, was one of the earliest and the most voluminous of the contributors to the KNICKERBOCKER. His contributions were continued for many years, and only ceased a comparatively short time since: owing solely to the fact, that his extraordinary popularity, abroad as well as at home, demanded for his every published volume all the additional freshness which his careful and polished pen could supply. Surely it is not for *us* to speak of the poems which compose the '*Psalms of Life*,' and '*The Voices of the Night*,' each and every one of which first appeared, from the author's neatest and most legible of manuscript, in these pages: nor of the desultory, miscellaneous pieces, like the stirring and noble '*Saga of the Skeleton in Armor*,' which alternated with them. Of these, as we have said, it needs not that we should speak: 'the world knows them by heart.'

It is of Mr. LONGFELLOW as one of the earliest *prose* contributors to the KNICKERBOCKER, that we propose now to speak. His very first communications to our Magazine were in prose. Over twenty-six years ago his '*Blank-Book of a Country School-Master*' appeared in these pages; and we do not hesitate to say, that the life, the freshness, the sensibility, the love of nature and of mankind, which distinguish these sketches, fully shadowed forth what was to be expected from the mind and the pen of the writer, when '*Outre-Mer*' and '*Hyperion*' and '*Kavanagh*' were successively announced and published; and afterward, as every body knows, eagerly devoured by readers who had also become admirers, on both sides of the Atlantic. It will be far in the summer solstice, reader, when you peruse this first passage from the 'Country School-Master.' It is very drowsy; and we doubt much whether it do not put you incontinently to sleep. Try it, 'any how,' and see what the result will be:

' SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

' It is Saturday afternoon. Once more the school-house door has creaked upon its hebdomedal hinges; the dog-eared book yawns upon the deserted desk; the flies are buzzing and bumping their heads against the sunny window; the school-boy is abroad in the woods, and the school-master has laid his birchen sceptre upon the shelf, and with it the cares and solitudes of another week.



'Saturday afternoon! Delightful season, when the mind, like a tired artisan, lays down its implements of toil, and leaves the long-accustomed handiwork! How sweet, amid the busy avocations of the week, to look forward to this short interval of repose, when, for a time at least, the grinding shall cease, and the heart be permitted to indulge its secret longings, and listen to the soft whispers of its own wayward fancies! Surely the feelings of the school-boy linger around me still. I love the *dolce far niente* of Saturday afternoon!

'It is an interlude between the swift-succeeding acts of life; the close of a seven days' journey; a golden clasp, that shuts each weekly volume of our history; a goal, where Time pauses to rest his wing, and turn his glass; a type of that longer interval of rest when our evening sun shall be going down; when our lengthening shadows 'shall point toward morning,' and we shall be looking forward to an eternal Sabbath!'

'AN OLD SAYING.

'The vulgar saying, to '*wet your whistle*,' is of Norman pedigree, and as old as the thirteenth century. Henri d'Andeli thus commences his poem on 'The Battle of the Wines':

'VOLEZ oïr une grant fable,  
Qu'il avint l'autrier sus la table  
Au bon Roi qui ot non PHÉLIPPE,  
Qui volontiers moilloit sa pîpe  
Du bon vin qui estoit du blanc.

'Will you hear of a great fable,  
That happened the other day at table,  
To good King PHILIP, who did incline  
To *wet his whistle* with good white wine.'

'THE HAPPY MAN AND THE LUCKY DOG.

'In this strange world of ours, where each pursues his own golden bubble, and laughs at his neighbor for doing the same, he is the Happy Man, who, blessed with modest ease, a wife and children, sits enthroned in the hearts of his family, and knows no other ambition than that of making those around him happy. But the Lucky Dog is he, who, free from all domestic cares, saunters up and down his room, in morning-gown and slippers; drums on the window of a rainy day, and as he stirs his evening fire, snaps his fingers at the world and says: 'I have no wife nor children, good or bad, to provide for.'

'Mankind are like a pendulum; they vibrate from one extreme to the other. It was so with my friend QUIBBLE, who is now no more. He was taken away in the bloom of life, by a very rapid — widow. Before this untimely event, he was by preëminence the Bold Bachelor, the 'good knight without fear and without reproach,' as the old chronicles say. He was by birth and profession a beau, born with a quizzing-glass and cane. Cock of the walk, he flapped his wings, and crowed among the feathered tribe. But alas! a fair, white partlet has torn his crest out, and he shall crow no more.

'You will generally find him of a morning nosing round a beef-cart, with domestic felicity written in every line of his countenance; and sometimes meet him in a cross-street at noon, hurrying homeward, with a beef-steak on a wooden skewer, or a fresh fish, with a piece of tarred twine run through its gills. In the evening he rocks the cradle, and gets up in the night, when the child cries. Like a Goth, of the dark ages, he consults his wife on all mighty matters, and looks upon her as a being of more than human goodness and wisdom. In return, she sweetens his cof-

fee for him, puts in his breast-pin, ties his cravat in a bow-knot, and never lets him go out alone after dark. In short, the ladies all say he is a very domestic man, and makes a good husband; which, under the rose, is only a more polite way of saying he is hen-pecked.

'QUIBBLE is a Happy Man.

'Not so DRIBBLE. He is a sexagenary bachelor, and a Lucky Dog. He has one of those well-oiled dispositions, which turn upon the hinges of the world without creaking. The hey-day of life is over with him; but his old age is sunny and chirping; and a merry heart still nestles in his tottering frame, like a swallow that builds in a tumble-down chimney.

'DRIBBLE is a professed Squire of Dames. The rustle of a silk gown is music to his ears, and his imagination is continually lantern-led by some will-with-a-wisp in the shape of a lady's stomacher. In his devotion to the fair sex, 'the muslin,' as he calls it, he is the 'gentle flower of chivalry.' It is amusing to see how quick he strikes into the scent of a lady's handkerchief. When once fairly in pursuit, there is no such thing as throwing him out. His heart looks out at his eye; and his inward delight tingles down to the tail of his coat. He loves to bask in the sunshine of a smile; when he can breathe the sweet atmosphere of kid gloves and cambric handkerchiefs, his soul is in its element; and his supreme delight is to pass the morning, to use his own quaint language, 'in making dodging calls, and wiggling round among the ladies!'

'DRIBBLE is a Lucky Dog!'

THE reader will find in the brief passages which we quote below, the germs of that matter-full prose which afterward fructified and expanded in 'Outer-Mer' and 'Hyperion':

'AN OBITUARY.

'EPITAPHS and obituary notices are not fit themes for merriment; but at times they are so solemnly ludicrous, that sorrow and sadness change into a smile. I have one now before me which commences thus: 'The death of Mr. — cannot fail to draw a deep chasm on the society of his numerous friends.' The following is so surpassingly comic, that it seems a figment of a waggish fancy, though I find it in a provincial newspaper; it is no invention of my own. SHAKESPEARE has seldom been so travestied. He little thought, when he made MARK ANTONY speak of the 'rent the envious CASCA made,' that he should be so misunderstood as in the following lines:

"The spoiler came. Disease rioted on her vitals; and when she thought to taste again the dear enjoyments of domestic peace, death — cold, cruel, and relentless death, with *his envious casca*, closed the scene!"

'A CURE FOR CELIBACY.

'THE following wonderful cure is copied verbatim from the advertisement of a notorious Botanic Physician:

"A lady — deplorable state of mental derangement — attended by the celebrated Dr. —, and by him pronounced beyond the reach of medical aid, and advised that she be immediately removed to the Insane Hospital, or Mad-House, Pepperell, (Mass.) — cured in one week and *married in three months.*"

'Some poetic lover in the reign of King JOHN, thus quaintly addresses his mistress, whom he calls the fairest maid 'bituene Lyncolne and Lyndeseye:'

"WHEN the nightgale singes the wodes waxen grene,  
 Lef and grass and blosme springes in Avril y wene,  
 And love is to myn herte gone *with one spere so kene*,  
 Night and day my blod it drinkes, my herte doth me tene."

'THE CHRISTIAN FATHERS.

'I love at times to turn over the pages of the early Christian Fathers. When I open one of their sombre-looking tomes, and my eye loiters down the long and weather-stained column, something of the same feeling comes over me, as if I were passing along the gloomy aisles of an old cathedral, and listening to the sage monitions of the past. The names of JUSTIN MARTYR, TERTULLIAN, LACTANTIUS, ORIGEN, CHRYSOSTOME, and others, are familiar to our ears; but how few at the present day ever think of looking into their worm-eaten tomes either for delight or instruction! And yet they contain passages of startling eloquence; trains of singular, but close-pressing argument; and touches of ludicrous home-preaching, which remind one of what he has heard and read of WHITEFIELD.

'The following specimen of the kind last mentioned, I copy from St. CYPRIAN, 'Of the Habit of Virgins.' Works, part one, pp. 89, 90.

"God, we consider, made not sheep of a purple or a scarlet color; nor was it from his instruction that we were taught to tincture our wool with the juices of herbs or of fishes; nor did he form these ranges of pearl and precious stones, which make those necklaces, wherewith the neck, which was truly of his forming, is in a manner covered and hid; and thus in truth his workmanship is made to disappear, in favor of an invention of Satan's, which is suffered to dangle over it. Can we think it the will of God, that the ears should be bored and wounded, and poor harmless infants, ignorant as yet of all worldly wickedness, be thereby tormented? . . . All these mischievous inventions, those wicked spirits introduced among us, who, sinking into the dregs of worldly pollution, lost thereby the vigor of their heavenly state; and then instructed us, after their deceitful manner, in the arts of blackening our eyebrows, painting our faces, changing the color of our hair, and in short, of disguising every feature.

"Your LORD and MASTER hath told you, that you cannot make one hair white or black; but you must needs confute his assertion, and prove yourselves capable of doing what he has pronounced impracticable. You presumptuously adventure to dye your hair, and *with a very ill omen to your future condition, you labor to make it flame-colored!* . . . I wonder you are not afraid, that the great Divine ARTIST, who made and fashioned you, should refuse to acknowledge you at the general resurrection, and reject you from the hope of His promises, with the sarcasm of a satirist, and the censure of a judge, in some such manner as this which follows: 'This is none of my workmanship, nor my image; you have quite altered the countenance which I made for you; nor hair, nor face, nor features are the same; you cannot therefore see God, with those eyes which He did not make, but which the Devil hath new-colored. Him indeed you have followed, and have taken for your pattern the red and fiery eyes of the serpent; and since you have taken your dress from him, you may e'en take up your abode with him, and dwell together in eternal fire.'

'POETRY.

'HELLICON was once a fountain, but has now become a sea; and he must dive deep who would search for pearls of price. How many are contented to play with the pebbles on the shore!'

## 'WHERE IS PETER GRIM?'

(A MID-SUMMER'S DAY DREAM.)

'Two or three years ago, on a lazy, sultry, Saturday afternoon, as I was poring over the columns of a German newspaper, published in Philadelphia, my eye was caught by an advertisement headed:

## 'Wo ist Peter Grimm?'

'This singular title struck my fancy by its novelty, and I read on as follows:

'PETER GRIMM, from Bingen on the Rhine, who embarked for America in 1829, is requested to give information concerning his present place of residence. His family and friends are in great anxiety on his account, having received neither letter nor information of any kind from him since his departure. A letter from Bingen for PETER GRIMM lies at this office.'

'Straightway I fell into a day-dream. What man of feeling would not have done so? The thermometer stood at 98°, and it was after dinner. Perhaps I was asleep. At all events, fancy took wing; and shadows came and went before my mind's eye, like the shadows of a camera-obscure, living, moving, well-defined.

'Where is PETER GRIMM?

'Sure enough, where is he? Where — who — what is he? What golden dream allured this solitary wanderer from the father-land; from the glorious Rhine; from the peaceful shades of home? Bingen! I well remember Bingen on the Rhine. A beautiful little city, and all around it as green as an emerald; placed, too, in the very centre of the most romantic scenery of the whole Rhine-gegend. It leans against the eastern slope of the Rochusberg, with one foot in the waters of the Nahe, and the other in the kingly Rhine. Over against it lie the rich vineyards of Ruedesheim, and Geisenheim and Johannisberg, remembered with a sigh by the lovers of Rhenish flagons. Above, the green meadows of Greifenklau, and the sloping hills of Lange Winkle bask luxuriantly in the sun. Below, the river darts through a narrow pass, dark with overhanging crags, and on every crag the ruins of a castle. O glorious scene! O glorious river Rhine! There stand the towers of the Rossel; there the light and graceful castle of Vogtsberg, perched like a fairy palace in the air; and there —

'But where is PETER GRIMM?

'Sure enough, where is he? How *could* he leave a scene like this? Perhaps he was poor, and not fond of beautiful scenery — belonging to other people. He cared not for Falkenberg, nor Sternberg, nor Drachenfels, nor Ehrenbreitstein. And yet how *could* he leave a home like this? Perhaps he took the steamboat down the Rhine, as I did. Perhaps he did not. Then he lost a pleasant sail upon the most beautiful of rivers; a most lordly and majestic stream, whose rebellious waters, on entering Holland, divide into various channels, and that which bears the name of the Rhine, dwindled to a brook, sinks ere it reaches the sea, being buried, like Captain Kidd's Bible, in the sand. There is a German song, and a fine one, too, upon this theme. I once translated it into our vernacular tongue; and thus runs this 'Song of the Rhine:'

'FORTH rolled the Rhine-stream strong and deep  
Beneath Helvetia's Alpine steep,  
And joined in youthful company  
Its fellow-travellers to the sea.

'In Germany embraced the Rhine  
The Neckar, the Mosel, the Lahn and the Main,  
And strengthened by each rushing tide,  
Onward he marched in kingly pride.

'But soon from his enfeebled grasp  
The satraps of his power,  
The current's flowing veins unclasp —  
He moves in pride no more.

'Forth the confederate waters broke  
On that rebellious day,  
And, bursting from their monarch's yoke,  
Each chose a separate way.

'Wahl, Issel, Leck and Wecht, all, all  
Flowed sideways o'er the land,  
And, a nameless brook by Leyden's wall,  
The Rhine sank in the sand.

'Doggerel? Did you say Doggerel? Then a fig for your taste in poetry. The song is like the stream it celebrates; unequal, sometimes smooth, sometimes rough, but always beautiful. And if it should ever be your lot —

'But where is PETER GRIMM?

'Sure enough, where is he? To be gone so long without sending home any information of his whereabouts, looks rather suspicious. And the whole family, too, in deep anxiety about him. No doubt he left them all in tears, with many promises to write, if he could, and if he could not write, to make his mark; and yet up to this date has neither written nor marked —

'Doch hat er nicht geschrieben  
Ob er gesund geblieben.'

No, not a single line to tell whether he is sick or well. Ah, PETER GRIMM! PETER GRIMM! Your heart must be as hard to move as PLAFFENDORFERHOEHE, or BLICK-HOBZHAUSENERHOF is to pronounce. But your friends are less unkind; there is a letter for you. In absence, when seas divide us from our friends, when time as well as distance cuts us off from those we love, there is no balm for the sick heart like tidings of our home. Next to the pressure of the lip, next to the pressure of the hand, is the unfolding of the white wings of that mysterious little messenger, that comes commissioned by love with tidings of the absent. Sweet is the fountain to the traveller of the desert; sweet is repose to the toil-worn laborer; sweet is the breath of spring after winter's biting winds; sweet are the shades of night after the burden and heat of the day; but sweeter far than all, to the stranger in a strange land, is a letter from his home — particularly a letter of credit!

'But where is PETER GRIMM?

'Sure enough, where is he? Perhaps he is in Albany; perhaps he is in Sing-Sing; in the state-prison; or in bed; or in debt; or in liquor, or in 'a claret-colored coat.' Who knows? Perhaps he is quietly smoking his pipe at Lancaster, or in some little village on the banks of the Susquehanna, as quietly reading himself to sleep in the 'Berks County Adler.' Perhaps he is dead and gone; swept away by the cholera. Yes: that accounts for his long silence. The grave tells no tales. He was huddled into it like a malefactor; a handful of earth thrown over him, no tears shed, no bell tolled, no dirge sung. After all, what matters it where or how? 'The way to heaven is the same from all places, and he that has no grave has the heavens still over him.' For aught I know, he may have been one of those, who think it easier to die away from home; for then there are no weeping friends to un-

man you, no painful leave-taking of those you love; at most it is only prolonging the separation a little, not commencing it; and as the Italians say, *Il più duro passo è quel della soglia*: the hardest step is that of the threshold. However, if —

‘But where is PETER GRIMM?’

‘In his skin! When he jumps out, you may jump in!’ answered a voice close by my ear. It broke my day-dream like a thunder-clap; and yet it was nobody but my old matter-of-fact friend, Mr. PIRKINS, a very common-place man, who is always quoting silly sayings, which he learned in his boyhood. He is not half so romantic as I am. Now, I must have been thinking aloud; in a word, I must have been, where I mean to be again in five minutes from this time, and where I suppose my reader is already — asleep.’

THERE was something extremely rich; something entirely unique; something decidedly individual; in the communications furnished to the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER by Mr. THOMAS W. PARSONS, of Boston. He was an early writer for our Magazine: and his effusions always ‘*bit*.’ It would be hard to say what it *was*, exactly, in his way of saying a thing: but he was JOHN SANDERSON, the ‘American in Paris,’ and he was Charles-Lamb-‘*Elia*’ at one and the same time. The superscription of a letter from him always made us laugh in anticipation; laugh ‘*furtively*,’ as FENIMORE COOPER says, with, as we think, a wonderful sententiousness of expression. Mr. PARSONS had begun to make his name favorably known to the literary public, both of America and of Great Britain, by his translation, at successive intervals, of the first ten cantoes of DANTE’s ‘Inferno.’ Exceedingly faithful to the original, they were pronounced to be, by the best critics of England and America. The lines from his pen, addressed to the noble picture of DANTE, which prefaced his book, were most musical and felicitous. Take the stanzas which ensue, as a specimen of the same:

‘See from this counterfeit of him  
Whom Arno shall remember long,  
How stern of lineament, how grim  
The father was of Tuscan song.  
There but the burning sense of wrong,  
Perpetual care and scorn abide;  
Small friendship for the lordly throng;  
Distrust of all the world beside.

‘Faithful if this wan image be,  
No dream his life was, but a fight;  
Could any BEATRICE see  
A lover in that anchorite?  
To that cold Ghibelline’s gloomy sight  
Who could have guessed the visions came  
Of Beauty, veiled with heavenly light,  
In circles of eternal flame?’

‘The lips, as Cumæ’s cavern close,  
The cheeks, with fast and sorrow thin,  
The rigid front, almost morose,  
But for the patient hope within,  
Declare a life whose course hath been  
Unsuited still, though still severe,  
Which, through the wavering days of sin,  
Kept itself icy-chaste and clear.

‘Peace dwells not here; this rugged face  
Betrays no spirit of repose;  
The sullen warrior sole we trace,  
The marble man of many woes.  
Such was his mien, when first arose  
The thought of that strange tale divine,  
When hell he peopled with his foes,  
The scourge of many a guilty line.’

To our apprehension these stanzas are exceedingly fine. Note especially the introversion, the *musical* introversion, (always rare, and seldom felicitous, except in the hands of a master,) contained in the first four lines: nor will the sententiousness and force of the whole fail to impress the reader. One of the best series of contributions by Mr. PARSONS to the KNICKERBOCKER, however, was entitled ‘*The Mail-Robber*.’ Its satire was quiet and adroit, and as whimsi-



cal, almost, as CHARLES LAMB'S '*Hour in the Pillory*.' It was made especially applicable at the time, from the fact that a certain 'round, fat, oily man of Gon,' in the vicinity of Boston, who had been a famous leader in the temperance cause, and other desirable moral and religious reforms, had committed an offence against the law, and 'the good of society,' which subjected him to the involuntary seclusion of his person from the public gaze for a considerable period of time. The conscientious 'MAIL-ROBBER' opens his first epistle to the Editor in a private note, in which he states the 'complication of circumstances' in which he had unfortunately become involved. 'In consequence (he writes) of the pecuniary exigencies of the times, I was reduced to the necessity, about six months ago, of implicating myself in an *operation* upon the post-office. To speak plainly, the mail-bag for one of the British steamers about to sail from Boston was abstracted in a felonious manner, and the contents disposed of in a way not contemplated by the correspondents. This created considerable talk in its day; but as the bag was not very full, and contained a far less amount of property than myself and colleagues had anticipated, it was soon hushed up, and is now probably forgotten. This transaction is one which the statute recognizes as indictable, and I have hitherto been scrupulous as to divulging my share in the business. As the affair, however, has now blown over, I am anxious to make what amicable arrangements I can with my own delicacy, and those individuals whose letters I imprudently intercepted. Most of them I have already either returned to the writers, or forwarded with great care to their original destination. I have nevertheless in my possession several, of which I have lost the envelopes, and am unable to direct in the due form. A few of these are of a poetical cast, and appear to have been written by some English traveller in this country to his friends at home. As I am sure that there is no other way whereby they will be so likely to reach the hands for which they were designed, I have taken the liberty of transmitting them to your journal, which I am credibly informed is the only American Magazine that numbers any readers abroad. I regret exceedingly that it is not in my power to make farther reparation, as my unfortunate embarrassments compelled me to expend my share of the receipts from this painful piece of business.

'It is gratifying to me, however, to state, that my circumstances having taken a favorable turn, I am at present enjoying the responsible station of the presidency of a banking institution, and shall probably never have occasion again to avail myself of any practices which my cooler judgment would admonish me to abstain from.

'One more point perhaps deserves mention. I was formerly, I grieve — but I deem it my duty — to confess, to a considerable extent '*a drinking man*, and must in a great measure attribute the illegal extrication of my affairs from entanglement to the habitual use for many years of the strong liquors of foreign countries. I am proud to say that I am now a strict Washingtonian, and moreover a superintendent of a Sunday-school. I would also state, that my organ of acquisitiveness has been pronounced by Mr. COMBE to be remarkably large; and, moreover, that I have heard my grandmother say, that her brother was occasionally addicted to insanity.'



We took the liberty to say, in introducing this letter, and the communication which it inclosed, that having become the recipient of the correspondence therein mentioned, we should venture to make use of our custom of amusing the public with private 'Gossipry,' and lay before our readers the first instalment of the *Stolen Letters*; one of which was addressed to Mr. SAMUEL ROGERS, of London; a very beautiful poetical epistle, which certainly reflected credit upon the literary discernment and appreciation of the thief. The modest way in which he spoke of his 'extrication,' and his sensible remark touching our Magazine, gave us a firm faith in his talents and his reformation. We relied upon his good sense to pardon us for affixing so harsh a title as '*The Mail-Robber*' to his valuable communications; but something was to be sacrificed to courtesy, for the sake of a taking sound. We make a short selection from the intercepted letter to Mr. ROGERS, regretting only that we have not spare space enough to permit us to quote every line of it:

'OFF at your board, at that refined repast  
Where London's lions break their early fast,  
To 'nights and suppers of the gods' preferring  
Green tea and temperance, with a toast and herring;  
Oft have you said, perchance in jesting mood,  
You too might venture o'er the foamy flood;  
Might take the whim, some sweet September day,  
When scarce a cat in Langham Place will stay;  
When all the town, beyond the reach of duns,  
Is out of town, with horses, dogs, and guns;  
To shut up shop, and take your annual rest  
In the green bosom of the woody west:  
Where, by some river with an Indian name,  
Your living ears might antedate your fame;  
In 'Thebes' or 'Troy' your living eyes admire  
Your plaster bust with laurel and with lyre;  
See your own self, biography and all,  
In Philadelphia, pasted on a wall;  
Or cheaply printed for the southern trade,  
As far as Arkansas to be conveyed.  
How sweet to find in Genesee's vale  
Some virgin sighing o'er GINEVRA's tale!  
List the same lines that pleased the Thames before,  
Amid the pines of Erie's rocky shore,  
And thus to 'Memory's Pleasures' add one more.

'Yet NESTOR, pause! quit not your home for this  
Imperfect picture of an author's bliss:  
Ask knowing CHARLIE, whose dissecting glance  
Probes to the core and marrow of romance;  
Let him inform you how this age of steam  
Reduces poesy to weight and ream;  
Retails cheap genius, brings the muses down,  
And turns Parnassus to a trading town.  
Yes, the fine flashes of instinctive thought,  
In silver lines and golden periods wrought;  
In some blest mood of happy Fancy struck  
From flinty Labor, by a touch of Luck;  
The tender shoots that burgeon from the brain,  
To live and blossom on the page again;  
The pretty nurslings Meditation rears,  
Warmed at the hearth-stone of the heart for years,  
Soon as they touch this equalizing coast,  
Doff the gay 'primer' and the folio-post;  
By quantities in tawdry covers crammed,  
Praised by the peck, and by the bushel damned;  
Dressed in a suit of macerated rags,  
Cast off by Russia's beggarmen and hags,

On huckster stalls the darling dreams must lie,  
 Tempting the pence from every idler by.  
 Yes, Nestor! how 't would gall thee to behold  
 Perchance thy 'Italy' for nine-pence sold!  
 How would'st thou shame to recognize thyself  
 To common crockery turned from Moxon's delph;  
 In mammoth quartos, decked with wooden cuts,  
 Meanly displayed mid candies, cake, and nuts;  
 Thumbed by coarse hands that paw before they choose,  
 And love to *feel* the fabric of the muse;  
 Stitched up with Lady BLESSINGTON in sheets,  
 To catch the moon-eyed gapers of the streets!

'Oh! tell ANACREON, when he quits his groves  
 To sip with you the Java that he loves,  
 That where Ohio wears the hues of wine,  
 From slaughtered tribes of Cincinnati swine,  
 Down by the water, near the 'Pork Depot,'  
 Where drays and steam-boats, roar, spit, hiss, and blow,  
 Amid the vulgar sights that throng the strand,  
 I saw disconsolate a PERI stand!  
 Hard by was ALCIPHRON, both pale, both lean,  
 While PAUL DE KOCK profanely sneaked between;  
 Around lay many an imp of modern song,  
 Here 'Lays of Rome,' and here 'Miss LUCY LONG.'  
 Lo! from the wharf a rugged boatman comes,  
 To pick a few cheap literary crumbs;  
 A greasy, poor, but free enlightened man,  
 A foe of kings, a plain republican;  
 With sapient eye he views the lettered store,  
 Spells the strange names, and scans the pictures o'er;  
 Nibbled a bit of this, a bit of that,  
 His purchase made, and crammed it in his hat:  
 Three-pence the freeman gave for one thin book,  
 Three-pence, ANACREON, for thy 'Lalla Rookh!'

These lines carry with them their own commendation; and it scarcely requires now that we should praise the companion-lines from which they are segregated.

The next epistle which we received from our irate correspondent was literally a 'blow-up.' His virtuous feelings had been aroused, and he was not the man to repress the utterance of his honest sentiments:

'To the Editor of the Knickerbocker.

'SIR: At a prayer-meeting held in the house of a friend of mine, in Bleecker-street, one of our most respectable and talented financiers, and who was connected with myself in the late post-office transaction, of which I have favored you with a development, I was thunder-struck at being shown the last number of your somewhat amusing but reckless Magazine.

'My friend is a subscriber of yours, and was of course greatly agitated and offended at the unexpected and astounding disclosure of the private affair which you have so unwarrantably dished up for the public. As was very natural, he charged me with the authorship of that communication; and as a man of conscientious principle and high moral sense, I was of course unable to deny it. By this time the other gentlemen, our colleagues in said post-office business, one of whom is in Bangor, the other in Texas, have probably seen the article in question; and you will perceive that I am thus made, through your violation of the sanctity of correspondence, to stand with them in the odious light of an informer.

'Sir, I supposed that your common perception of what is due to the ordinary

courtesies of epistolary intercourse rendered it unnecessary for me to desire you not to publish any thing of a personal nature. What is to become of our '*areas* and *focus*,' of our altars and fires? what is to become of the bonds of social faith, the cherished sentiments of domestic communion, the implicit confidence between man and man, if delicate matters of peculiar and singular interest are thus to be blurted by an unreflecting conductor of a journal into the face of all mankind and half New-York? To use the emphatic expression of the western settler, who returned from hunting to find his house and family rifled, (rifled in both senses,) and the walls of his cabin plastered with the brains of his wife and children, it is 'a little too ridiculous.'

'The mischief, however, is done, and is past recall. The least you can do is to make what pecuniary compensation you consider due to my outraged sensibilities. Your Magazine is reputed to be profitable, and for the pile of correspondence which I have placed at your disposal the remuneration ought to be generous. I am no judge of poetry, but the quality of the article which I have sent you I have several times heard spoken of as *first-rate*.

'If you will inclose a draft through the post to the address of 'A. B. C. D. E. F.,' a portion of the fund shall go to soothe the lacerated feelings of my friend in Bleecker-street, and the rest shall be devoted to charitable purposes, or to the temperance cause.'

We heeded not this missive. Fearless in the discharge of our duties to the public as an acknowledged 'able editor,' we had no hesitation in following the example of all other 'able editors,' in giving to our readers whatever would be considered as a fair part of their money's worth. We could not but think it very odd, that our sensitive correspondent, so keenly alive to the sufferings of his friend, the talented but lacerated financier of Bleecker-street, did not see that the same sympathy which he insisted upon, would equally apply to the persons abroad, whose letters he had so 'unwarrantably' made public. So we had no hesitation whatever to publish a '*Poetical Letter to Thomas Carlyle, Esquire, London,*' of which the subjoined is simply a 'specimen-brick':

'In Astor's mansion, where the rich resort,  
And exiled Britons toss their daily port,  
And sometimes angels condescend to sip  
Their balmy hyson with benignant lip,  
A nook there is to thirsty pilgrims known,  
But sacred to male animals alone,  
Where foreign blades receive their morning's whet,  
As deep almost in juleps as in debt.  
There from the throng it pleases me at times  
To pick out subjects for a few odd rhymes.  
And who could guess, amid this cloud of smoke,  
That yonder things were hearts of British oak;  
Or who that knew the country of their birth,  
Could by the gilding guess the fabric's worth?  
Come, let us dare these lions to attack,  
And hang a calf-skin on each recreant back.  
Some are third-cousins of the penny-press,  
Skilful a piquant paragraph to dress;  
Some in their veins a dash patrician boast —  
Them Struz has banished from their natal coast:  
Here sits a lecturer, bearing in his mien  
More glories than he bought at Aberdeen.  
These are tragedians — wandering stars — and those  
Some little nobodies no body knows,  
Manchester men, deep read in calicoes.

'THOMAS, your soul abominates a quack,  
Great, small, high, low — the universal pack.  
And sure our London is a proper place  
Wherein to study and detest the race.  
But oh! consider in a land like this,  
Which owns but one distinction, aim and bliss;  
One only difference, by all confessed,  
Betwixt earth's vilest offspring and her best;  
One sole ambition for the young and old,  
Divine, omnipotent, eternal gold;  
Where genius, goodness, head and heart are weighed  
By the false balance of delusive Trade,  
How small, how impotent is Truth's defence  
Against the strides of that arch-fiend, Pretence,  
The time's worst poison, blight, and pestilence!  
Here, only here, a bold and honest lie  
Its full allowance of success will buy.  
No sanctity of station, age, or name,  
Can check the Charlatan's audacious aim;  
'A self-made man' is here a fav'rite phrase,  
So self-made talents earn their self-made praise.  
Whate'er a freeman claims to be, he is;  
He knows all magic and all mysteries;  
No matter in what sphere the scoundrel shine,  
He made himself, and that's a right divine.'

Almost 'stimultaneously' with the appearance of this letter to CARLYLE, came the annexed epistle to the Editor from the 'Mail-Robber,' dated at Saratoga, on the Fourth of July:

'SIR: Being now located at the Springs, amid all the gayety and elegance and aristocracy of the land, I found last evening among the ladies in the drawing-room, the July number of your periodical. Again was I shocked and overwhelmed at the gross impudence with which you persist in the promulgation of my private affairs. That you should have published my second personal epistle to yourself, is a tremendous aggravation of your audacity. I shall take care to frame this in a style which will preclude all possibility of your printing it, and disclosing your own rascality.

'I have heard, moreover, that well-known individuals in England have been highly disgusted at the cool, hyena-like, editorial ferocity with which you and your greedy subscribers feed upon this foul dish of scandal. Such heartless conduct cannot fail to confirm our neighbors across the 'great Atlantic privilege' in their uncomplimentary opinion of American probity. *Repudiation* was a virtue compared with this infamous violation of the rights of man. Even here, amid all the soothing magnificence of the surroundings; in the solemn stillness of the woods, or by the stainless bosom of Saratoga Lake, or by that salubrious fount of which half-a-dozen tumblers are so invigorating to the spirits and beneficial to the bowels, I am sick at soul when I realize the wickedness and worldly-mindedness of Magazine Editors.

'You have not hinted one syllable about *pecuniary compensation*; and how, under such a load of ingratitude, can you expect that you will be long permitted to pursue your fiendish career? A reasonable sum would satisfy me; but I forbear to urge it, for I doubt if you are a Christian. This is the last time I shall address you; nor should I now write, except to charge you immediately to return the remaining manuscripts, or to forward the customary fee for articles of equal value. You will not dare to publish this letter, I am sure, unless you are a fool as well as a fraudulent and evil-minded person.'

At the risk of our reputation, we ventured to publish the foregoing severe re-

monstrance: and in reply, we had great pleasure in soothing the lacerated nerves of our financial friend by the following statement:

'SOME days ago, about sherry-cobbler time, a middle-aged individual, between five and six feet high, not very stout, although far from slim; of an open countenance; a nose Greco-Gothic, inclining to the Roman, and eyes neither light nor dark, called at our sanctum, and claimed to be the author of the poetical epistles in question. Before we had time to apologize for our part in this curious affair, the stranger, so far from producing a horse-whip, assured us, with a benignant smile, that he forgave the liberty we had assumed, and moreover, that he wished to extend his pardon to the gentleman whose late indiscretion had put us in possession of the papers. Far be it from himself, the stranger said, to remain behind the age; he supposed it was the custom of the country; and this apology, as in the aforementioned case of repudiation, must content his friends in London. It was true, he added, that some offence had been taken abroad by this truly American proceeding; but on the whole, as he found the KNICKERBOCKER a conveyance considerably safer than the steamboat-mail, and as it was besides an immense saving in the matter of postage, he would permit us to continue the correspondence. As for those letters which we still retained in our keeping, he assured us that we were perfectly free to enlighten with them our 'Principes' or the public. Beside all this, he placed in our hands a fresh epistle, which he had intended to have sent by the next packet, but which, by his generous permission, we are happy to insert in the present number.

'We trust that this will quiet the sensibilities of our Saratoga friend, and that he will return to the city with an invigorated conscience, a healthful moral sense, and a stomach improved by the waters.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

This was accompanied by a long poetical 'epistle' to '*Edward Moron, Publisher, London,*' which was in no wise behind its predecessors, from the same pen.

Our next letter from our correspondent was not a 'missive' merely; it was literally a *missile*: and ran as follows:

'To the Editor of the Knickerbocker Magazine.

'SIR: I can only account for your conduct by this one supposition: you must be a *drinking man*. Nothing but the repeated, though perhaps unconscious, inebriation arising from an excessive use of stimulating drinks, could produce that torpidity of the moral sentiments which is manifested by your editorial career. Your late allusion to the cordwainers of Xeres, or in vulgar tap-room slang, '*sherry cobbler*,' is very strong against you. Your ill-timed merriment — the jocosely levity of your 'Editor's Table' — all go to confirm my theory. You indulge — I know you do.

'Now, Sir, as a strict Washingtonian, and the corresponding secretary of two temperance societies, I request you, for the benefit of the community to make a statement of your case, with a phrenological chart of your developments, a brief account of your habit of body, your temperament, age, etcetera, together with the amount which you absorb daily, and a history of your propensity. In the anticipation of such a statement, I forego any offence at whatever may have formerly passed between us. You are to be pitied rather than detested. I know, from experience that under the influence of stimulants we are not always accountable agents. We

should be merciful one to another; and although I have heretofore found it difficult to repress my disgust at your folly, I assure you that I am far from entertaining unchristian feelings. May you yet live to become a respectable member of society, and an ornament of our ranks! You may find worthier employment in conducting some religious journal or temperance periodical. If you become sincerely anxious to reform and to distinguish yourself as an ardent champion of virtue, the society will feel pleasure in lending you their powerful aid. Our funds are at present somewhat low, in consequence of the prodigious expense of a late fair and several temperance pic-nics in the country, at which we nobly burned many whole hogsheads of the most costly Jamaica and Cogniac spirits. The sight of the self-destroying monster wasting away in the blue intensity of his own suicidal flame, excelled any thing in the way of moral grandeur that I have witnessed since the Croton-aqueduct celebration. Still, in spite of our tremendous disbursements, I will venture to promise you, if you enlist under the banners of the cause, a handsome situation, either as a Reformed Inebriate, or a travelling County-Delegation Jubilee Pic-Nic Poet and Orator. Depend upon it, that under the cold-water system your profits will be increased, your morals improved, your appetite and intellectual faculties enlarged and well-balanced, and all the fibres of the frame restored to a firm, vigorous tone.

'Touching the subject of these letters, I would observe that our English friend has done very wisely in permitting their publication. But surely you will not think of accepting his favors without giving him an adequate requital. I am told they are extensively read, and add much to the attractions of your Magazine. He certainly ought to be most handsomely paid. Having never thought it worth while to make any poetry myself, I cannot well judge of the labor of making it, or of its value; but I know that we have repeatedly paid clergymen in New-England thirty or forty dollars for a temperance ode, and hymn to match. For my own part, I am willing to sink my demand (albeit a prior one) in favor of his own claim. He will consider the propriety of either going on shares with me, or allowing me whatever premium he may think just upon each letter. Instrumental as I have been in preserving his epistles from the dangers of flood and fire, and procuring their sure transmission, through the pages of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, to their destination, he will not neglect my hint. I am willing to look upon it as merely a commission business; my object being rather an amicable arrangement, and a mutual understanding of each other's interests, than any thing of a mercenary nature. Whatever profit may fall to my hands shall be all faithfully devoted to the Cause.

'I send you herewith a splendid pictorial illustration, colored to the life, of the awful appearance of the interior of a drunkard's stomach. It has produced a powerful sensation in Boston, and may persuade you to reflect upon the possible condition of your own intestines.

'I beg that you will by no means print this letter, as it may look like trumpeting my own goodness.

'Yours, etc., in the Pledge,

— — —.

To all of which we replied 'in the words following, 'viz., to wit, namely':

'NOTWITHSTANDING the foregoing injunction of the pacified financier not to print his letter, it is evident that he intended it for the public eye. It would moreover be most unjust not to let the world into a knowledge of his many virtues. As to our own vices, and especially the one here dwelt upon with so much fervor, we must be



permitted to remark, in reply to the commiseration and advice of our moral friend, that during the whole course of a life 'now some years wasted,' we were never 'groggy,' 'intoxicated,' 'boozy,' 'swipsed,' 'cut,' 'how-came-you-so,' 'swizzled,' or 'tight,' but *once*; and assuredly *that*, as DOGBERRY says, 'shall be *suffegance*.' On a certain evening of one of the remote 'days that were' in our history, we remember ('ah! yes! too well remember!') trying to discover whether there was any foundation for the suspicion of a friend, that we had been over-indulging' at a supper-party from which we both were returning. The fact truly was so. We ascertained, in endeavoring, for the satisfaction of our friend, to 'toe a mark' in the pave, that the side-walk invariably followed the lifted foot; and that when we essayed to set its fellow down, the pavement receded in such a terrific manner that the sole encountered it with a good deal more of emphasis than discretion. We recollect, too, that the key-hole of our bachelor's apartment was found to have been stolen on that memorable evening, rendering our key nugatory, adscititious, of no account, and so forth; and that when, by the aid of a fellow-lodger, we had achieved our room and bed, we found the latter emphatically a 'sick' one, and at times during the night in a very 'sinking condition;' so much so indeed, that at the one period we began to 'despair of its *recovery*.' But that one abuse of Nature, (who always avenges herself, and at once, upon her assailants,) taught us a lesson which we have never forgotten, and never shall, 'unto thylike day i' the which we crepe into our sepulchre.' For the rest, we certainly *do* affect an occasional glass of *good* wine at a cheerful board, with congenial guests; such wine as we are informed, on the *best* authority, 'maketh glad the heart of man;' such as SAINT PAUL recommended to his brethren 'for their stomach's sake;' a wine, in short, which 'creates a spiritual vineyard in the heart,' and 'dispenses one's affections among his fellow-men.'

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

This was accompanied by a fourth poetical letter, addressed to WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, at Florence, with seven of the opening stanzas of which we close this perhaps already too extended chapter of our editorial narrative-history:

'On the rough Bracco's top, at break of day,  
High o'er that gulf which bounds the Genoese,  
Since thou and I pursued our mountain way,  
Twenty Decembers have disrobed the trees.

'Rome lay before us, hid beyond the peaks  
Which rose afar, our longing eyes to guide;  
The wave was one whose name a history speaks,  
The Tyrrhene Sea—the pure blue Tuscan tide.

'So many summers in their gay return,  
Have found my pilgrimage still incomplete,  
Doomed as I seem, Ulysses-like, to earn  
My little knowledge by much toil of feet.

'Charmed by the glowing earth and golden sky,  
In Arno's vale you made yourself a nest;  
There perched in peace and bookish ease, while I  
Still journeyed on, and found no place of rest.

'And here I am in this prosaic land,  
This new Hesperia, less be-rhymed than thine,  
Here try the skill of my neglected hand  
To catch the favors of the chary Nine.



'And here, amid remembrances that throng  
Thicker than blossoms in the new-born June,  
Thine chiefly claims the witness of a song  
That still at least my heart remains in tune.

'You will not fail to pardon as you break  
The blushing seal that bears the well-known crest:  
And every line, however rude, shall wake  
Kind thoughts of him who wanders in the West.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—It would 'tickle the very cockles of our heart' to meet again 'Mr. CHARLEY SAUNDERS,' whose eloquent colored 'address' to us, in the great hall of the Louisville Hotel, four or five years ago, will not, we are quite certain, have been forgotten by our readers. A friendly correspondent, 'C. B.,' writing from Louisville the latter part of June, recalls this scene very forcibly to mind. He says:

'BEING in this latitude for the first time this side of Port Natal, and a subscriber of 'OLD KNICK' for many a year, I have not forgotten how heartily I have enjoyed the specimens of 'Old Uncle CHARLEY SAUNDERS' *inimitable* 'style,' which have appeared from time to time under your hand and seal; the which, let me hope, may hold 'steady and good' for a long, long time. On my arrival here, I ascertained that 'Uncle CHARLEY' had changed his 'quarters' (and other change, in this world of ditto) since your visit here—so memorable to the good old darkey. He can be found now in charge of the celebrated 'ARTESIAN SPRING,' any day, between the hours of six A.M. and ten P.M.; and, by what I can learn, the situation 'enables him to develop that talent which renders Uncle CHARLEY, or as he now styles himself, 'Dr. CHARLEY SAUNDERS,' the most popular man in Louisville, and the envy of the 'masculine ebony adults' hereabouts. He certainly shows up the 'beauties of the water' in the fountain, and explains the history of the well, the qualities and effects of the water, in a manner perfectly satisfactory to a public of several hundred a day; and, I doubt not, the proprietors of the spring, which ought to enable them to 'liquidate' a great many debts of one sort or another, though they claim, I believe, that the debt of nature 'always obtains an extension' on application 'for regular instalments.'

'I introduced myself to 'Dr. CHARLEY,' and when he learned that I hailed from New-York, he was profuse in his inquiries after 'Massa CLARK.' He had intended writing you 'long since,' and when I volunteered to be his amanuensis, he seemed delighted, and assured me that he would 'decompose' a letter for 'Massa CLARK' in 'no time.'

'Herewith you have it *verbatim*, and as near *literatim* as practicable. For CHARLEY's sake, 'I hope you will 'serve him up,' and 'embalm him with one more rag;' for I am convinced the old fellow holds you in the 'greatest regard and veneration, and meditates daily on your kindness to him,' as he expressed it.'

Here ensues the letter: and we should like to know where is the 'learned doctor' in this metropolis; ay, or chemist either, who could employ the language

of science more unintelligibly than does Mr. SAUNDERS. His genius is entirely unique: and it is his high privilege that it *should* be so. But hear him, please:

‘A LITTLE learning is a dangerous thing,  
Drink deep, else taste not the ‘ARTESIAN SPRING.’

‘DEAR MASSA CLARK: I wish to give you the component parts of the ARTESIAN WATER of LOUISVILLE. The profecks of this water is salts: that salts is decomposed with a plenty of caccium-magnesia, very little lime excommunicated with iodine, collodium, and the sulphur of carbonic acid, which harmonizes the water to the system, and discomboberates all the cold and all the bile from the system, and gives you a melodious appetite, and leaves you in a perfect state of harmonism.

‘You feel so harmonious that you imagine you evaporate, and at the same time you are sitting still: the presentation of that exchange is nothing more than the sensation of a matrimonial feeling which comes over you *pro tem*, and makes you sing anthems, and captivates every thing in your hearing. This water raises you above suspicion: it works out superstition, fills young ladies with pasympathy and humility, and constitutes young gentlemen into very pious habits. Dyspepsia, or scrofula, or inflammatory rheumatism, or sick headache, this water is famous in all those disturbances, being discomboberated from the system, beautifies and harmonizes at the same time. Presenting you with a pollicitation of my kindest regards, in prayers and supplication, I hope we will meet in a better world than this, where we can sit down together, and sing anthems, at the fountain of living waters, where we will never trust again.

‘Doctor CHARLES SAUNDERS’ programme is legal to you by his especial friend.

‘Respectfully yours, and so forth.

‘Please excuse my procedency and delinquencies for not writing to you long since. I enjoyed more consolation and comfort meditating over our last discourse together the morning that we met at the Louisville hotel. I hope it won’t be long before I have the pleasure of seeing you again in our city. You may expect another letter soon. I am rather pressed at present, this time at the ‘Artesian Well,’ with a great deal of company. I have not stated to you all that my heart contains. I hope that I will have the pleasure of seeing you again. I must say that it affords me great pleasure and consolation in hearing from you. I at one time heard you was very ill: you had the most humblest solicitations of my prayers; but you knew it not: the works of PROVIDENCE prove beneficial to the restorage of your health, which give me perfect belief, that my prayers was heard. I know not what else to say to you at this time; but I must say, in short, we must look to our greater debtor. We feel assured that every good and perfect gift comes down from heaven: my daily prayer and meditations is, LORD keep me from procrastination, that I may do better every day I live and breathe, and drink the Artesian Water. Please let me hear from you, it will afford me most harmonious pleasure.

‘To Massa CLARK, from

‘DOCTOR CHARLEY SAUNDERS.’

Thank you, ‘Doctor CHARLEY!’ - - - AND now it is achieved! We have just returned from witnessing a sight which will never be forgotten ‘while memory holds a seat in this distracted globe.’ For months, in common with our countrymen, we have been reading accounts copied from the English into American journals, of the ‘*Great Leviathan*’ steam-ship which was building on the banks of the Thames, below London. From its very inception, up to the time when it

was launched, we have never ceased to regard it with the deepest interest. All the engravings of it, as a whole, or in sections, had become familiar to us; and no Englishman, we venture to say, could more have rejoiced in her complete success. Then came the news of her launch; of her fitting up; of her trial-trip; of the steam accident on board; of changes and improvements to be made; and when these were effected, of her prospective voyage to 'Portland, in the United States,' the only harbor upon our eastern coast which it was supposed she could enter! Last of all, came the good news that she was coming directly into our noble harbor. Delays ensued; dates of departure were two or three times changed; but at length a day was *fixed* on which she was to sail; and sail she *did*, at the time appointed. She has arrived — 'and our eyes have seen her.' 'But,' as the novelists say, 'let us not anticipate.' The 'Great Eastern' had been expected for two or three days; and yet when it was announced upon the bulletin-boards of our newspapers that she had anchored in the Lower Bay, it filled the city with excitement. Finally, at four in the afternoon of the next day, it was announced that she had 'crossed the bar' and passed through the channel, with perfect safety: that she had swept majestically through the Narrows, and *was coming*, sure enough! Never was there a more lovely day. A few fleecy clouds attempered the not too hot sun; the bay was stirred by a fresh southerly breeze; and we sat, with one or two judicial friends, under cover of the far end of the little yacht-dock at Hoboken, fronting the Atlantic Gardens, and watched her approach. At length the thunder and smoke of cannon from the islands and either shore, announced that she was near at hand. 'There she comes! — there she is!' — exclaimed a hundred voices in a breath. 'Which is she?' asked a spectator, with a bad 'look-out.' '*Which!!*' — as if there was any mistaking that vast mass toward which the British steamers from the Jersey shore are belching forth their thunders, answered by similar ordnance along the wharves on *our* side of the water. As she swept slowly and gracefully onward, her immense proportions became apparent; and when she came broadside before us, 'extended long and large,' and making Lilliputian, by comparison, the largest steamers and vessels in the broad river, and blotting out, by her length, four squares of the city, *then* it was that we 'realized,' for the first time, the magnitude of this magnificent ship! At the moment, it really seemed that 'the half had not been told us.' And if such was the impression she created sailing up the wide Hudson, how must she have 'loomed up' to the view of the dwellers upon either bank of the narrow Thames, a stream scarcely broader than Newtown Creek! Such is the 'Great Eastern,' externally. As we go to press, preparations are vigorously making to exhibit her interior — more wonderful by far than her exterior — to the public. Be it ours, (D. V.,) in our next, to present a completed description of the 'great work which hath been wrought.' When she 'opens,' we shall 'be there to see.' - - - We gave, not long since, in this department of the KNICKERBOCKER, an interesting account of a dinner given by the artists and literary men of Madrid to SALAMANCA, the great banker — the JOHN JACOB ASTOR, of the Spanish capital. The noble sentiments uttered by this distinguished *millionaire* on that occasion, and which we quoted; his strongly expressed love of literature and art, in the cultivation of which he had spent 'so

many of his younger and happier days;' these things make us the more rejoiced that his eminent forecaste has induced him to look toward this country for an investment of a portion of his immense capital. He has, we see it stated in English and American journals, become a very liberal purchaser of the shares of '*The Atlantic and Great Western Rail-Road*,' which we lately mentioned as forming, with the 'New-York and Erie,' the 'Ohio and Mississippi,' and the connections of each, a continuous broad-gauge rail-way twelve hundred miles in length, from New-York to St. Louis — the longest road in the world. The construction of the 'Atlantic and Great Western' is advancing with unexampled rapidity. Two thousand five hundred men are constantly employed upon it; literally 'an army,' not with clashing, deadly arms in their hands, but implements of peace, and peace-promoting agriculture and commerce. The '*Railway Journal*,' standard American authority in such matters, says:

'THE Company will be able to reach the line of the Sunbury Road the coming Fall, when a very important connection will be formed, and the *Erie Company* will be virtually at *Erie, Penn.* The result will be to carry the gauge of that Road to that point. Should the proposed connection at Akron be formed, the Erie Company will be placed in a position in which nothing will be desired on the score of favorable connections.'

This 'tells the whole story;' and it shows, what we have heretofore predicted, that through the sleepless energy and fertile resources of Mr. SAMUEL HALLET, this great work would be carried forward to completion. - - - WE have seen the *Japanese Ambassadors*, under more favorable circumstances, we suspect, than they have been seen elsewhere in our metropolis, or in its neighborhood, by so many of the same or kindred character of audience. The courteous invitation to the *Matinée* of *Mrs. James Gordon Bennett*, at Washington-Heights, on the twenty-first of June, not only enabled us to see them, merely, but to converse with some of them, 'my boy TOMMY' included — a smooth, round-faced, pleasant-eyed lad of nineteen, we should say; with an infectious, short laugh, and good-nature in every lineament. Dignity and a very quiet demeanor sat well upon the princes, and their higher and sub-officers: nor were they overwhelmed with *pseudo* attentions. They were treated nobly and hospitably by their hosts, in all which was offered for their acceptance and enjoyment. The *fête* was, in fact, a perfect success. The beauty and extent of the grounds; the profusion and variety of DELMONICO's *cuisine* and his wine-vaults; the glorious scenery to be commanded, in every direction, from the Heights; the distinguished persons, in splendid equipages, arriving and departing, with the great numbers of superbly-dressed and beautiful women, traversing the spacious halls and apartments, or promenading the verdant lawns, shady nooks, or brilliant parterres, made the whole a scene to be long and agreeably remembered. Above all, it was pleasant to see with what unstudied grace and heartiness the amiable hostess welcomed her numerous and varied guests; conversing with her friends, as they were severally announced, in German, Italian, Spanish, French, with fluency and ease: while her supervisory good taste was apparent, not only in all the appointments of the mansion, but in the floral, musical, and artistical attractions, which called forth the admiration and elicited the commendations of the distinguished company present. Nor could we help thinking, as we saw the proprietor ad-

ministering the hospitalities of his house, or walking around his spacious grounds, pointing out to some of his daily contemporaries the noble views around them, or to be commanded afar off; we could not help thinking, we say, that much of partisan feeling, much of established prejudice, much of remembered differences, might be buried forever, were our editors to meet and mingle more frequently together: acknowledging no rivalry, except that which springs from a desire to make the best daily newspaper. - - - We doubt whether any mother of a family who has become accustomed to the use of *Singer's Sewing-Machine*, would be without one six months, though its very reasonable price were twice as much as it now is. It is almost inconceivable, to one who has not employed them, what a labor-saving 'institution' these instruments are. To learn to 'play upon them,' as our wee 'juvenile terms it, that is, to learn to work them, with ease and efficiency, is a never-ceasing source of interest; at least it was so with 'Dame KNICK,' who now finds no trouble whatever in operating it to her entire satisfaction, and she has been its gratified possessor only a little over a month. SINGER's is unquestionably the best instrument in the market. It is very compact; occupies but a handful of space; is comparatively noiseless in its operation; and, what is a very important fact, is less liable to get out of order than any other instrument with which we are acquainted. Moreover, considering especially its 'beauty of utility,' the handsome 'machine' is really an ornament to any sitting-room or parlor. We are glad to learn that the demand for SINGER AND COMPANY's instruments is constantly and largely on the increase. It could not be otherwise. - - - 'The year of Jubilee has come' for *The Locusts*: the 'established' seventeenth year, in which they emerge from the earth: perforating upward their small round paths to life and light. Is it not curious — strange — wonderful? The other morning, a beautiful June Sunday morning, we were leading by his little soft moist hand our youngest 'hope,' toward our small and humble church, when his attention was arrested by some 'large flies' upon the shrubbery, as we walked along a path which was redolent of 'a fragrance from the cedars, thickly set with pale blue-berries.' All along by the stone-wall, too, lay the brown shells of the locusts, from which these 'large flies,' large but weak of wing, had just emerged. Looking curiously down along the ground, we saw two or three of the big insects coming up; and we caught them in the very act of bursting from their gauzy filaments, and awakening to newness of life. And then came to our mind these lines from the fine old hymn, which we had heard in boyhood from voices long silent in the grave, yet still vocal, we trust, in Heaven, singing praises to the 'Great CREATOR':

'Shall spring the faded world revive?  
Shall waning moons their light renew?  
Again shall setting suns ascend,  
And chase the darkness from our view?

'Shall life revisit dying worms,  
And spread the joyful insect's wing?  
And oh! shall MAN awake no more,  
To see THY face — THY NAME to sing?'

Who wrote the hymn whence these lines are taken? They are not WATTS':

we think they are either from DODDRIDGE or DWIGHT. Will some kind correspondent enlighten our ignorance? - - - WHEN you come across, reader, in your summer perigrinations by rail or steam-boat, '*Townsend's Rail-Road, Steam-Navigation, Stage, Express, and Telegraph Guide, to and from New-York,*' you will find that you 'cannot choose but pause' and examine it. It is mainly designed for Merchants, Shippers, Hotel-Keepers, Expressmen, Travellers and Pleasure-seekers: but it is a work which will be useful to *all* classes, for the wonderful amount of condensed information which it contains. Let us see: It has, for example, a complete list of all the passenger-steamers to and from the port of New-York; all the express lines to and from the city; all the rail-roads (with all their collateral branches,) which terminate in, or radiate from, the metropolis; with the minutest information in regard to all these matters. It is a wide-spread, double imperial sheet, with its numerous tables of 'rule-and-figure work,' in the finest of types, for the most part, clearly printed, and carefully adjusted as the delicate parts of a watch. It will show our country friends, more than any thing else, perhaps, the *typical* capacities of only one department of Mr. GRAY's vast printing-establishment. It required over six weeks of assiduous labor, by one man, Mr. THOMAS HENRY — a thorough master of his art, the 'art preservative of all arts' — to place the complicated web-work in type: and now every thing is as 'clear as a bell;' requiring only to be 'corrected,' from the standing form, for every weekly issue. It must prove invaluable to each member of the different classes named in its sub-title. - - - If travellers on the New-York and Erie Rail-Road do not become enamored of its improved and luxurious accommodations, it will not be the fault of the indefatigable General Superintendent, Mr. CHARLES MINOT. We have just examined, in the car-department at Piermont, a *Sleeping-car*, (fitted with the dust-dispelling and water-ventilating processes, to which we have before alluded, both acting *perfectly*,) which we have never seen approached, much less equalled. It is the work of Mr. C. A. SMITH, the old and capable superintendent of the car-department, whose improvements in freight, 'drover,' and passenger-cars have elicited so much deserved commendation from the press. As you enter the car, which is sixty feet long, you might fancy yourself in an extended and elegantly furnished drawing-room; so rich is the upholstering, and the polished wood-work of our beautiful native bird's-eye maple. Every thing is snugly in its place: it seems a luxurious day-car, with looking-glasses, marble wash-stands, etc., at either end: when, 'Presto, change!' — and in less than five minutes the whole is converted into luxurious couches; separable into private apartments, or apartments for ladies whenever desired. In the way of a sleeping-car, it seems perfection itself. Its decorations are so handsome, that it seems a pity to devote them to a rail-road; but then the ventilating and dust-dispelling apparatus is such, that it will always be kept clean. - - - A FRIEND near Hyde-Park, in 'old Dutch-ess,' who expresses himself 'extremely gratified' with the few remarks which we made in our last number in relation to the literary and personal characteristics of our old contributor, the late JAMES KIRK PAULDING, sends us the following passage in corroboration of the justice of our estimate of his love of nature — and his genial, heart-felt appreciation of the glorious works of the ALMIGHTY.



We quote it in full, because we desire to make a few remarks touching the subject-matter of our late lamented correspondent's remarks :

'I SHALL not soon forget last evening. It was such as can never be described: I will therefore not attempt it; but it was still as the sleep of innocence; pure as ether, and bright as immortality. It happened that I strolled out alone, along the windings of a little stream about twenty yards wide, that skirts a narrow strip of green meadow between the brook and the high mountain close at hand. You will confess my landscapes are well watered, for every one has a river. But such is the case in this region, where all the passes of the mountains are made by streams, that in process of time have labored through, and left a space for a road on their banks. If nature will do these things, I can't help it — not I. In the course of the ramble the moon rose over the mountain to the eastward, which, being just by, seemed to bring the planet equally near; and the bright eyes of the stars began to glisten, as if weeping the dews of evening. I knew not the name of one single star. But what of that? It is not necessary to be an astronomer, to contemplate with sublime emotions the glories of the sky at night, and the countless wonders of the universe.

'THESE earthly godfathers of Heaven's lights,  
That give a name to every fixed star,  
Have no more profit of their living nights,  
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.'

'Men may be too wise to wonder at any thing; as they may be too ignorant to see any thing without wondering. There is reason also to believe that astronomers may be sometimes so taken up with measuring the distances and magnitude of the stars, as to lose, in the intense minuteness of calculation, that noble expansion of feeling and intellect combined, which lifts from nature up to its great first cause. As respects myself, I know no more of the planets than the man in the moon. I only contemplate them as unapproachable, unextinguishable fires, glittering afar off, in those azure fields whose beauty and splendor have pointed them out as the abode of the Divinity; as such, they form bright links in the chain of thought that leads directly to a contemplation of the MAKER of heaven and earth. Nature, is, indeed, the only temple worthy of the DEITY. There is a mute eloquence in her smile; a majestic severity in her frown; a divine charm in her harmony; a speechless energy in her silence; a voice in her thunders, that no reflecting being can resist. It is in such scenes and seasons, that the heart is deepest smitten with the power and goodness of Providence, and that the soul demonstrates its capacity for maintaining an existence independent of matter, by abstracting itself from the body, and expatiating alone in the boundless regions of the past and the future.'

Without one word against the greatest of the sciences, ASTRONOMY, who can help admitting that much of this is undeniably true? Read in the last *American Almanac*, for example, the minute *astronomical* description of *Donati's Comet*, grand in figures, and sublime in immeasurable distances, and compare this astronomical *data* with your own *impressions*, as you saw, night after night, in the clear October western sky, that erratic, orbless, brilliant meteor, trailing its thousand leagues of light through the air! Figures are often impressive, it is true, but what are these to *the eye*? 'In this connection we cannot help recalling to mind a remark of that rare wag, 'JOHN PHOENIX, or 'SQUIBOB,' in one of his amusing '*Lectures on Astronomy*.' 'They tell us,' he says, 'that a cannon-ball



fired from the earth in the direction of Saturn, would be one hundred and seventy years in reaching that planet. Now, aside from its merely astronomical bearings, the only good that can be derived from such a state of things is: supposing Saturn to be inhabited — which I am by no means *prepared* to admit — then the inhabitants of that planet, seeing the quick-travelling flash of light, when the gun was fired, *would have one hundred and seventy years to dodge the ball!*' To be one hundred and seventy years in *dodging* a thing, seems almost as sublime as Astronomy itself! - - - AMONG the strangers who have been attracted toward Cedar-Hill, and parts adjacent, in this pleasant June weather, we may mention the name of Mr. CHARLES HEIDSICK, the only representative and proprietor of the famous Champaigne wine which bears his name. He was on a visit to his American agents, (BAYAUDS AND COMPANY, Number 100 Pearl-street,) whose country residence is in the immediate neighborhood. We noticed recently in a translated paragraph in the '*Home Journal*,' an amusing account of the present French EMPEROR's partiality for this favorite wine. 'Small blame to him,' as the Irish have it: it evinces his good taste. We know of no wine in its kind which is more flavorful and 'grapey.' It 'cheers, but not inebriates:' and taken in moderation, is worth all the fiery distilled spirits in the world. By-the-by, is it not a curious fact, that in France, where wines are drank almost as freely as water, intoxication, with rare exceptions, is seldom encountered? Very curious. - - - WHAT is the character of the late WASHINGTON IRVING's '*Life of WASHINGTON*,' is sufficiently well known, not only to *our* readers, but to the world at large. Mr. BRYANT, in his admirable and eloquent address at the Academy of Music, did ample and only deserved justice to this, the last crowning effort of WASHINGTON IRVING's pen: and now that Mr. GEORGE P. PUTNAM, our 'golden-hearted' MURRAY of American publishers, is giving us, in his superb National Series of Mr. IRVING's works, his *Life of WASHINGTON*, will he not omit from the first volume WURTMULLER's portrait of the *Pater Patrea*? GEORGE WASHINGTON CUSTIS, in his late work — somewhat undeniably and inevitably authentic as to the fact, says, point-blank, that WASHINGTON never sat to the artist who consummated that wooden image. Of all the poorer pictures, of all the coarse wood-cuts which we ever saw, even in an Almanac, it is the only one which did not bear *some* resemblance to our dear old revolutionary preëminent General. Its only merit is, that it is not in the slightest degree disfigured by any thing that can be called expression. It is the worst portrait of WASHINGTON we ever saw. - - - From Syracuse, in '*Old Onondaga*,' comes the following: 'They've got down in Cortland county, adjoining, an old farmer, noted for his greediness and his keen look-out for a spot wherein to turn a penny, honestly, or (he is n't very particular) the reverse. A while ago he succeeded by accident in raising a very large hog. It was soon noised abroad, and the people in that vicinity began to call on the old man to see the 'monstrosity.' A gentleman from your 'täown' was stopping awhile in the village, and hearing of the 'porcine,' and so much said about it, desired to see 'the sight,' and having obtained directions as to the 'locale, started for the spot. Arrived there, he met the old gentleman, and inquired about the 'animile.' 'Wäall, yes,' the old fellow said; 'he'd got sich a critter; 'mi'ty big 'un; but

he guessed he'd have to charge him about a shillin' for lookin' at him.' The stranger looked at the old man for a minute or so; pulled out the desired coin, handed it to him, and started to go off. 'Hold on,' says the other; 'don't you want to see the hog?' 'No,' said the stranger; 'I've seen as big a hog as I want to see!' and off he went. Not unlike the man in Troy, who proposed to charge a friend who pulled him out of the water, when he was drowning, five dollars, because he tore his coat in the philanthropic act! It is astonishing, what mean men there are in the world! - - - We saw a very mean thing done by a horse, the other day. We were crossing over to the metropolis in one of the Jersey City ferry-boats, which, as usual, was very much crowded. Standing on the forward end of the boat, among the thronging teams, we noticed a Jersey dandy, if you know what that is: a young man, rather over-dressed, but neat as a pin, with a small bouquet of roses and leaf-sprigs in the button-hole of his somewhat flashy cut-away coat. While his eyes were fixed upon the huge bulk of the 'Great Eastern,' at her dock, foot of Hammond-street, a sorry-looking horse, without his noticing it, nipped off his button-hole bouquet, leaving instead a round white circle of 'horse-slobber.' We pitied him when he discovered that his flowers were gone, he seemed to 'feel so bad.' Meantime, the 'faultry' animal winked to his companion, which was as good as a horse-laugh at the practical joke. - - - THE recent death of SAMUEL G. GOODRICH has been announced, with full details of his blameless and useful life, in all the journals of the country, near and far. But his record and his monument are in the *hearts of children*, and will be, for a century to come. They loved 'PETER PARLEY:' and he loved *them*, or he never could have written for them so voluminously and so well. Mr. GOODRICH probably wrote more useful, instructive, entertaining works, during his active life, than any other man in England or America. — The ink is hardly dry upon this 'Gossip' slip, when we notice in the daily journals, an announcement of the death of G. P. R. JAMES, the well-known novelist — as well, and perhaps even better known in this country than in England — at the age of sixty-four. We regret that we have space for little more than the bare announcement of his demise. Many of his works took a strong hold upon the public mind: but he wrote too much to write well. No man could dictate to an amanuensis two novels at a time, and have either of them worthy of an established reputation. Mr. JAMES, as a man, was a fine character, and universally esteemed by all who knew him. He made many and warm friends during his residence in Richmond: and he manifested his reciprocatory feeling, by writing for this Magazine a graphic description of the pleasure he had derived from 'Life in Virginia.' - - - A town-friend, who lives in Twenty-third street, has an extremely intelligent servant-girl, 'we *do n't* think.' 'Can you tell me where Number 134 is, in this street?' asked a gentleman of her one morning. 'Oh!' she replied, 'it is not in *this* street that that number is, Sir: it is in Thirty-fourth street: I *seen* it there on Sunday, wid my own eyes!' A capacious intellect, that! - - - THE Rev. Dr. CAHILL, the eloquent Catholic clergyman, in one of his letters from America to his friends in Ireland, says, and with truth: 'A stranger coming to America is singularly struck with the total oblivion which covers up the most remarkable events, if they are over

one day in the past. The present time is so filled with new projects, and the present scenes are so numerous, and the present thus so completely engrosses the public mind, that there is no space left for any *past* occurrence, although it be as it were only one day in the rear. All America seems as if travelling in an express-train.' We have heard the same 'compliment' paid to this go-ahead country, by many a 'round-eyed wonder'-ing Englishman: and so far from being ashamed, we *like* its character. - - - THE 'GLOBE HOTEL,' Watertown, in our 'Empire State,' opens upon Court and Arsenal streets. In former times it was kept by MANDEVILLE, since then gone to the shades of self-destruction. MANDEVILLE, although not old, was almost entirely bald; and one day, sitting in the bar-room, with his hat on his knee, a farmer entered with blackberries to sell. The price asked was five cents, but all M. offered was four, which the farmer refusing to take, went out. Going up Court-street, the blackberry man turned round in Arsenal-street, and stumbling along, made his way into the 'Globe' again. MANDEVILLE meantime had put his hat on his head, and presented a man much younger in appearance. Going up, the farmer again bantered him to buy his berries. M. inquired the price. 'Waäl,' said the farmer, 'there's an old bald-headed cuss rëound there offered me fëur cents, and if you want um for that, you may have um.' It is needless to say that M. never heard the last of the 'old bald-headed cuss.' - - - You ought to see *Two 'Pecker-woods,'* (as a poet of 'The Plantation,' elsewhere cited, terms them,) male and female, which Mr. JOHN G. BELL, Taxidermist and Naturalist, Number 339 Broadway, has very kindly presented to the Editor. They are perfect beauties, and look precisely as if they were *alive*: and this is Mr. BELL's preëminent excellence in 'mounting' the feathered tribe. The 'Little 'Un,' as we call him, hanging by his concealed wire, seems pecking into the wall, and about to look around and see whether we heard or saw him. But *both* are beautiful specimens; and 'the best of it is,' the present, we know, was suggested by some verses which the donor lately saw in these pages. - - - WE think the very opening sentences of '*Some Thoughts on the Bible,*' cannot fail to satisfy any reasonable mind: 'The Sacred Scriptures have called forth the efforts of the human mind for the purpose of elucidation and instruction, to a much greater extent than could have been supposed, previous to inquiry!' How mellifluous and original! Our correspondent must 'try again.' - - - WE find the following in the proceedings of our Common Council: 'On motion, ordered, that Ald. BRYANT and NORRIS, be a Committee for preparing a notice, to parties *now occupying lots in Cemetery*, unpaid for, and to cause such notice to be served on such parties, requesting them to call for deeds of such lots, and to settle for the same. Adjourned.' Can that ordinance be enforced? - - - OUR old and favorite Hudson-River steamer, the '*Isaac P. Smith,*' in perfect order, and fast as ever, continues to win golden opinions from all who 'tread her peopled deck.' It is a 'guede sight for sair een' to see Capt. 'GARVY HOUSE' occupying the 'post of honor.' Prompt, active, obliging, he deserves all the favor with which he is universally regarded. *He* knows 'what is what!' - - - Who wrote the ensuing Ballad — '*Polydore?*' It is *exceedingly* picturesque. On a 'wild March morning,' three weeks before his death, our twin-brother repeated the lines to us: and we remember his say-

ing, 'How Sir WALTER SCOTT could have worked that up!' 'Polydore' is placed in type from the manuscript of WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK :

'On Rimside Moor a tempest-cloud  
Its lonely shadows cast,  
At mid-night, and the desert flat  
Reechoed to the blast.

'When a poor child of guilt came there,  
With frantic step to range,  
For blood was sprinkled on the garb  
He dared not stay to change.

'My Gon! oh! whither shall I turn!  
The horsemen press behind!  
Their halloo, and their horses' tramp  
Come louder on the wind.

'Why did I seek these hated haunts,  
Long shunned so fearfully?  
Was there not room on other hills,  
To hide and shelter me?

'Here's blood on every stone I meet,  
Bones in each glen so dim;  
And comrade GREGORY that's dead —  
But I'll not think of him!

'I'll seek the spot where I was wont  
To dwell on a former day;  
Nor terrors vain, nor scenes long past,  
Shall scare me thence away.

'Through well-known paths, though long  
untrod,  
The robber took his way,  
Until before his eyes, the cave  
All dark and desert lay.

'There he, when safe beneath its roof,  
Began to think the crowd  
Had left pursuit, so wild the paths —  
The tempest was so loud.

'The bolts had still retained their place —  
He barred the massy door,  
And laid him down, and heard the blast  
Careering o'er the moor.

'Terror and Guilt, united, strove  
To chase sweet Sleep away;  
But sleep with toil prevailed at last,  
And seized him where he lay.

'A knock comes thundering to the door;  
The robber's heart leaps high:  
'Now open quick! Rememberest not  
Thy comrade GREGORY?'

'Who'er thou art, with smothered voice,  
Strive not to cheat mine ear;  
My comrade GREGORY is dead —  
His bones are hanging near.

'Now ope thy door, nor parley more,  
For sure I'm GREGORY;  
And 't were not for the gibbet's rope  
My voice were clear and free.

'The wind is high, the wind is loud:  
It bends the old elm-tree:  
The blast has tossed my bones about  
This night, most wearily.

'But come thou forth: we'll visit now  
The elm o' the withered rind;  
For though thy door is barred to me,  
Yet I will be more kind.

'There is my home; the raven there  
Is all my company;  
And he and I will both rejoice  
At such a guest as thee!

*'Some words he muttered o'er the latch,  
They were no words of good;  
And by the embers of the hearth,  
In all its shackles stood.*

*'A wreath of rusted iron bound  
His grim, unhallowed head;  
A demon's spark was in his eye —  
Its mortal light was fled.*

'Few words are said: he drags him forth:  
Through forest paths to the elm they  
wind,  
Where a halter, with a ready noose,  
Hung dancing in the wind.

'And straightway to that dreadful noose  
He lifts sad POLYDORE;  
The storm's dark thunders, breaking  
loose,  
Roam loud the welkin o'er.

'The rope is tied! then from his lips  
A cry of anguish broke,  
Too powerful for the bands of sleep,  
And POLYDORE awoke.

'Now vanished all, the accursed elm —  
His dead companion gone,  
With troubled joy he finds himself  
In darkness and alone.

'But still the wind, with hollow gusts,  
Fought ravening o'er the moor;  
These checked his transports, while they  
shook  
The barricaded door.'

Read the lines we have Italicised. - - - STEAMING up the clear blue waters of Lake Huron, (at a period 'now some moons wasted,') on the old 'Upper-Lakes' Steamer HENDRICK HUDSON, Capt. D. HOWE commanding, we were introduced by that officer to the departed DAN MARBLE, then on a professional theatrical

tour to the 'Lake Towns,' Milwaukee, Chicago, etc. The first and only time that we ever saw him: but well do we remember how his firmly-set white teeth glistened, and his bronzed cheeks dimpled back in smiles to his black curly hair, as he narrated the following:

'WHILE in Cork, Ireland, a young sprig of aristocracy, a nephew of Sir ROBERT PEEL, made up a little party for him, and among the rest invited a fat-sided (not to say fat-headed) Captain of the 'Royal Navy,' one more favored by 'patronage' than recognized for his deeds. Of course the 'Royal Navy' was a constant theme, and at last the fat-faced hero turned to the comedian and said:

'And so you are from America?'

'MARBLE intimated that he had that honor.

'And pray, Sir, has it ever occurred to you what the consequences would have been of hanging McLEOD?'

'I could n't answer,' replied MARBLE, 'as to the *consequences*, but as far as the *hanging* goes, I believe they perform that operation pretty tolerably well in America.'

'Then I will *tell* you as to the *consequences*,' emphasized the Captain: 'We should have fitted out the 'Royal Navy,' Sir, seventy-fours, frigates, first and second classes, steamers and tenders, Sir, (all these were afterward before Sebastopol,) proceeded at once to New-York, when all the *slaves* (!) of the State would have risen, and as you have no *standing* army —'

'Hold on!' interrupted MARBLE; 'I believe we *have* an army of *some* 'standing.''

'What! — an army like *ours*? ' exclaimed the Captain.

'I believe there is some difference in the matter of *colors* and *facings*,' was the quiet reply.

'Sir,' cried the valorous beef-eater, 'you have *no* ships, and *no* men; and we shall meet you yet on the broad Atlantic!'

'I don't exactly see how,' said the comedian drily, 'without ships or men you would be very likely to meet us; but I suppose, of course you include fishing-smacks, in which we have fought *one* war, and in which we put great faith, in case of a second.'

'And in the name of all that is war-like, Sir, what description of craft *are* your 'fishing-smacks,' as you call them, that you talk of opposing them to the 'Royal Navy?'

'Oh!' said Marble, 'the *swarmingest* little things you ever *did* see! They hold, exactly *two men and a rifle*!'

'Such an antagonist to the 'Royal Navy' was a little *too* much. The Captain began to swell, to the peril of his waist-band, when the host considerably put an end to the matter, by giving, as a sentiment:

'*The Fishing-Smacks and Queer Fishes of Yankee Land.*'

The comedian, considering himself included in the last category, appropriately responded. Now we have not conveyed, nor *can* we convey, the manner of DAN MARBLE, in telling this little story. His 'power of face' was wonderful. Every feature 'told.' His white teeth spoke: the red and white of his cheeks spoke: his red lips spoke: his hairy hands spoke.

## Brief Notices of New Publications.

A TREASURE FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE. — One of the most attractive and beautiful little *Libraries*, for such we may call the collection, is a series of little thin miniature-books for children, published from the Bible-House, by the 'Evangelical Knowledge Society.' Thirty-six of these are snugly inclosed in an exceedingly handsome enamelled little box, in cream or blue colors, ornamented with gold; itself, when closed, looking like a small, beautiful book. The diminutive booklets are liberally and well illustrated, printed on paper of various colors; and their contents are familiar juvenile stories, each one intended to convey a moral or religious lesson. *Our* little folk are delighted with them.

DICKENS' SHORT STORIES, CONTAINING THIRTY-ONE STORIES NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED IN THIS COUNTRY. By CHARLES DICKENS. Philadelphia: S. B. PETERSON AND BROTHERS. — There is a mild exaggeration in this title, for the stories have all appeared in 'Household Words,' published here, and were copied from thence into half the newspapers in the United States. Had the publisher announced that the stories had not been published enough, we might have doubted, but could not have denied the assertion; but 'never before published' is, under the circumstances, rather a strong form of expression. The publishers have, however, made a neat book, and every one who has read the stories once will be glad of the opportunity to do so again.

RIGHT AT LAST, AND OTHER TALES. By MRS. GASKELL. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS. — A neat republication of four of MRS. GASKELL'S contributions to 'Household Words.' Some of these are of intense interest, and all distinguished by keen perception of character and clear and graphic description. The admirers of MRS. GASKELL will be glad to have these tales in so neat and permanent a form.

## New Music.

MESSRS. FIRTH, POND AND COMPANY, 547 Broadway, New-York, have issued, '*Ho! Gondo-lier, awake,*' duet, for soprano and alto: arranged by JULIUS METZ from CABUSSI. '*Glendy Burk,*' a plantation melody: written and composed by STEPHEN C. FOSTER. '*The Anchor's Weighed,*' ballad: composed by BRAHAM; an easy and effective tenor song. '*Illustration de l'Opera Martha, de Flotow, pour piano, par J. ASCHER:* op. 77; a long and somewhat difficult embellishment of several of the melodies from '*Martha.*' '*How shall I watch thy Coming,*' song, by NELLIE PADDON; a good song, with easy arpeggio accompaniment, '*Pretty Cake Polka,*' by J. H. McNAUGHTON. '*Ever of Thee,*' arranged for vocal quartette, by HENRY TUCKER. '*Sharon Springs Mazurka,*' composed by C. BERG. '*Thou art with Me still,*' song: composed by HENRY TUCKER. '*Laurel Wreath Schottisch,*' by NELLIE PADDON. '*Chant du Cigne,*' melodie plaintive, pour piano, par JACQUES BLUMENTHAL: ingenious variations on a simple and pleasing theme.

MESSRS. WILLIAM HALL AND SON, 543 Broadway, New-York, have issued '*The Guitarist,*' a collection of ballads arranged for guitar. Of these we have '*The Moonlight of the Heart,*' by MAURICE STRAKOSCH, and '*Loved One who waits us at Home,*' by WALLACE. '*Verdi Galop,*' by CHARLES FRADEL. '*Have I not loved Thee,*' ballad: composed by WALLACE. '*Hope in Absence,*' scena: composed by WALLACE; an elaborate contralto song.

J. H. HIDLEY, 519 Broadway, Albany, N. Y., has issued '*Rose Bower Polka Redowa,*' by ALBERT W. BERG. '*Bonnie Nell,*' composed by CH. M. LIEBICH: a very pretty song and quartette; it ought to be, and doubtless is, popular. '*As when the Weary Traveller gains,*' alto or baritone solo and quartette: composed by T. S. LLOYD. '*Fleur Favorite,*' quadrille pour le piano-forte, par CHARLES FRADEL.